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AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

NAPOLÉON III. does not, as it seems to us, occupy a very enviable position just at present. He has had to abandon his favourite principle of personal government, and thereby to acknowledge that the last eighteen years of his life have been a mistake, and so much precious time wasted for the political education of his subjects, for no man—not even his Majesty himself, if he were free to speak his real sentiments—will maintain that Frenchmen are now more fit for self-government, and for the management of Parliamentary institutions, than they were in 1851. It is little exaggeration to say that an entire generation of Frenchmen has passed away since the famous *coup-d'état*, and that a new one has grown up; but it would, perhaps, be very decided exaggeration to aver that the men of 1870 are politically better educated and more fully masters of themselves than were those of 1850. The one had at least some experience in constitutional government from having practised it, however imperfectly, for twenty years under the Orleans dynasty; whereas the other—universal suffrage notwithstanding—have, under the Emperor, been kept in political leading-strings, and debarred all real share in the management of national affairs. The Emperor has been France during all these years; he has decided everything; he has managed everything; he has been all in all, while his people have been but as tools in his hands, however little some may have relished the rôle assigned to them. His Majesty may only have been keeping his people in this state of pupillage—if even pupillage it can be called—for their own good, and in order to educate them up to the capacity needful for constitutional government; but, unfortunately, men do not acquire an art by merely looking on while others are at work, and never taking part in the business themselves. If the French were unfit to conduct their national affairs when the Emperor—no doubt kindly, but certainly somewhat forcibly—undertook to perform that duty for them, they are less likely to be equal to the task now; and yet his Majesty has had to yield up exclusive control, and let the people assume a part for which he must in his heart deem them still unfit, or his whole course since 1851 has been a deliberate violation of right.

That must be one grievous source of trouble to the Third Napoleon; but there are others behind. He has had to part from all his old advisers—first from the "Vice-Emperor,"

M. Rouher, and then from his other *alter ego*, the great *adèle* of Paris, Baron Haussmann; and to take to his councils instead men who, like M. Talhouet, but a few years ago he had branded as traitors and sent to prison. Simultaneous loss of power and loss of friends are sore trials to all men; but most especially to Princes who fancy they have a heaven-appointed mission to enjoy both without let or hindrance. Yet that is the "weird" the Emperor Napoleon

deed therefore a murder, the Emperor will be in this painful strait—he will either have to sign the death-warrant of a near relative, or save his life, directly or indirectly, at the expense of a violation of law and of his impartiality as head of the State, and bound to mete out equal justice to all his subjects. And even should it be shown that the homicide was not unprovoked, that Prince Pierre Bonaparte only acted in self-defence, though in a decidedly rash and scarcely-to-

be-justified manner, the odium of the deed must still recoil, in part at least, upon the Emperor, who will hardly escape the suspicion—probably will not escape the reproach—of straining law and violating justice on behalf of a member of his own family, and thereby weakening the sanctity that ought to guard human life. We do not here allude to the opinions of extreme and violent men like M. Rochefort, but to what may be thought by much more sedate and rational politicians. In any case, the position of the Emperor in reference to this unhappy event is most unenviable; and few men, we imagine, would be inclined just now to change places with his Imperial Majesty, who has only just been compelled to make an effort to save his dynasty by the sacrifice of his power, and now is called upon to mourn the crime, or the almost equally sad misfortune, of his uncle's son. Of a truth, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," by whatever means that crown may have been acquired, but more especially if it have been gained by somewhat "indirect and crooked ways."

Turning, however, from the personal and family troubles of the Emperor to the new order of things just inaugurated in France, it is impossible not to feel, warmly as we may hail the change from despotic to Constitutional government, and much as we may wish success to the efforts of M. Ollivier and his colleagues in working the rehabilitated Parliamentary machinery, that they have grave difficulties to surmount, and a great deal

of hard up-hill work to do. The Ministry is supposed to represent two important sections of the Chamber—the Right and Left Centres—which, collectively, constitute a majority of the whole. That seems promising enough on a first view; but, looked into more closely, those sections are found to be composed of somewhat incongruous and unreliable ingredients, the very presence in the Assembly of not a few deputies belonging to them being in itself a reproach to free election, inasmuch as they are the product of the grossest corruption. They were elected under the system of official candidature, and by the direct



THE RIGHT REV. SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D.D., BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WATKINS.)

is now doomed to "dree"—if we may apply a homely Scottish phrase to so exalted a personage.

But even these troubles do not fill the cup of his Majesty's tribulation. His worst enemies appear to be those, if not of his household, at least of his family; for surely a worse turn could not, in his present circumstances, have been done to the head of the house of Bonaparte than the scandal caused by the homicide perpetrated by his cousin, Prince Pierre. That gentleman has done a deed which, however it came about, must surely pain and embarrass the Emperor. If the killing of M. Victor Noir was unprovoked, and the



application of unscrupulous governmental pressure, but for which they would never have found their way into the Chamber at all; and consequently are not to be depended upon for support in carrying out reforms that would inevitably involve their political annihilation. A new electoral law, that shall secure free voting to the constituencies and a real representative character to the deputies, is indispensable to the working of genuine Constitutionalism. But are the members of the existing Chamber the men to pass such a law? Can they be expected, much less relied upon, to vote for it, and so sign the warrant for their own political ostracism? We very much doubt it; and hence believe that M. Ollivier will have serious difficulty to encounter in managing some of his nominal supporters. But, supposing the Right and Left Centres loyal to their new chief, he has enemies on each side of him. The extreme Right and the extreme Left will be equally his foes. The "Arcadians" of the Right, who are proverbially more Imperialist than the Emperor, are pretty sure—unless, indeed, they be restrained by the personal interference of his Majesty, which would itself be a breach of Constitutionalism—to throw every impediment in their power in the way of changes which aim at the abolition of the exclusive advantages they have heretofore enjoyed; and in this policy of obstruction they are likely to have the aid of the Senate, which will not willingly relinquish the sole initiative in constitutional changes accorded to it by the recent *Senatus Consultum*. Then, on the extreme Left, there are the Republicans and "Irreconcilables"—comparatively few in number, it is true, but strong in talent, and stronger still, perhaps, in audacity and hatred of Imperialism—who will deem no reform sufficient that leaves the Empire in existence. Environed thus on every hand with unreliable friends or open foes, M. Ollivier's Ministry, however sincere may be the Emperor's conversion to Constitutionalism, and however earnest their efforts to work the new system of government, cannot fail to encounter obstacles at every turn.

From these dilemmas, should they arise, as appears most probable, there is, as it seems to us, but one feasible means of escape. There must be a dissolution and a fresh and really free election—and that, too, without waiting to effect a change in the electoral laws, but with a total change of electoral practices. The mind of the people would thus be ascertained; and if, as is to be hoped, moderate councils and rational views predominate among them, the Ollivier Ministry would receive an accession of strength that would enable them to carry out their programme of just, honest, enlightened, and impartial government, and render it possible for them to serve at once France, liberty, and the empire. Any way, M. Ollivier and his colleagues have a great work to perform, a grand opportunity offered them, and it is devoutly to be hoped that the spirit in which they enter upon their task will be equal to its magnitude, and that their success will be commensurate with the importance of their mission.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

THE Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., who has recently been translated to the see of Winchester, but who is as yet better known as Bishop of Oxford, is the third son of the celebrated philanthropist, William Wilberforce, and was born in 1805. He was educated by a private tutor, and subsequently at Oriel College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree, as a second class in classics and first class in mathematics, in 1826, and proceeded M.A., 1829; D.D., 1845; and was admitted *ad eundem gradum*, Cambridge, in 1847. He was ordained as Curate of Checkenden, Oxfordshire; and his subsequent preferments were the Rectory of Brightstone, Archdeaconry of Surrey, Rectory of Alverstoke, Canonry of Winchester, Chaplaincy to the late Prince Albert, and the Deanery of Westminster. He was consecrated Bishop of Oxford in 1845, and, as such, was Chancellor of the Order of the Garter; he is also, by special appointment, Lord High Almoner. Amongst his published works are "Agathos," "Eucharistica," "History of the American Church," "The Rocky Island," "Sermons at Oxford," "Sermons before the Queen," "Sermons on Miscellaneous Subjects," "Addresses on the Ordination Service," &c. As a spiritual peer, the Bishop takes a prominent part in the debates in the House of Lords, and also in the Upper House of Convocation. He is also well known as a most eloquent speaker at public meetings of a religious character.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER AT WORK.—Dr. Temple has commenced work vigorously. Last Saturday he distributed prizes to the successful students of the Plymouth Science Schools. On Sunday his Lordship preached at St. Andrew's and Trinity Churches, Plymouth, in aid of parish schools. The collection in the morning realised £46 15s., and that in the evening £27. On Monday his Lordship consecrated additional burial-ground at St. Stephen's-by-Saltash, Cornwall; after which he proceeded to Milbrook, in order to perform the double service of consecration and confirmation. Dr. Temple reopened Holy Trinity Church, at Barnstaple, North Devon, on Wednesday. Previous to the ceremony an address was presented to his Lordship at the Townhall, on behalf of the Corporation of the borough. The Bishop, accompanied by the Mayor, then proceeded to the church, which was densely crowded. Dr. Temple preached on the occasion, and also in the evening in the old church. The Bishop is making most favourable impressions in the diocese.

BRITISH COMMERCE AND BELLIGERENT RIGHTS.—The Peace Society has rendered a valuable service to the interests of British commerce by republishing and distributing two important letters by Mr. W. S. Lindsay, late M.P. for Sunderland, on the subject of belligerent rights. Mr. Lindsay feels much alarm at the present dangerous position of Great Britain in connection with the modified principles of belligerent law agreed to (for Europe only) at the Paris Congress of 1856, and the subsequent refusal of the United States to bind herself to the chief of those principles. He says, "We have been placed in a position which will be most disastrous to our maritime commerce should we ourselves be again unfortunately engaged in war. In the event of war, even with a nation which could not send more than half a dozen cruisers, of all sorts, to sea, it must be evident to any person who has given the slightest attention to the course and operation of commerce that all our vast sea-borne trade would at once pass from our own shipping to the vessels of neutral nations. In illustration I need only instance the case of the Alabama in the recent American civil war, to show that even one similar cruiser let loose to prey upon our commerce would increase the premium of insurance on goods in British ships to an extent that would be sufficient to annihilate for the time our merchant navy. A rise of only 1 per cent extra premium over and above the premium charged upon the vessels of neutrals would turn the scale against us. At a rough estimate we have never less than £120,000,000 of property, of one sort and another, afloat at sea at any one time—perhaps more than that of all other nations put together." It is of urgent importance that all classes of the community—but especially chambers of commerce, merchants, and shipowners—should perseveringly exert their influence upon the Executive to procure early diplomatic negotiations with other nations (and especially with the United States), with a view to secure the following objects:—1. To make all private property free from capture on the high seas, with such exceptions as may be found necessary; 2. to abolish the right of blockading during war those ports of the belligerents which are purely commercial; 3. to relinquish the right to search on the high seas the merchant-vessels of neutral powers.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The homicide committed by Prince Pierre Bonaparte is the one subject which occupies public attention in Paris. In the Corps Législatif there has been a discussion upon it, in which M. Rochefort compared the Bonapartes to the Borgias. For this and for other strong remarks he was rebuked by M. Emile Ollivier, who declared that justice would be done in the case of the Prince, and maintained that the magistracy was not wanting in either dignity or independence. M. Schneider then brought forward a requisition that M. Rochefort should be prosecuted for an article in the *Marseillaise*, inciting to hatred and contempt of the Government, and to civil war. This was referred to a special committee, which pronounced in favour of the prosecution. The *Marseillaise* has been seized. Victor Noir's funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon at Neuilly, and, notwithstanding unfavourable weather, was attended by an immense number of persons. M. Rochefort addressed the crowd from the window of the house in which the deceased had lived. It was feared that the funeral ceremony would lead to disturbances, but none took place.

A Ministerial order has been issued definitively restoring to all newspapers whatsoever the right of sale in the public streets. At a meeting held at the residence of Baron Jerome David, the leader of the "Arcadians," it has been decided that the Right party in the Chamber shall give their support to the Ministry.

SPAIN.

The Ministerial crisis in Spain has been surmounted. Marshal Prim remains Prime Minister; Senor Rivero becomes the Minister of the Interior, Senor Sagasta of Foreign Affairs, Admiral Topete of Marine, and Montero Rios of Justice. The other portfolios remain in the hands of the Ministers who held them in the last Cabinet.

In Wednesday's sitting of the Cortes, Marshal Prim explained the late Ministerial crisis, and declared that the election of a Monarch would crown the edifice of the revolution. Senor Rivero, the Minister of the Interior, detailed the programme of the Ministry, and said that the Conservative party had initiated the revolution, adding that the Government would maintain order and raise the credit of the country. In conclusion, the Minister appealed to the Deputies, and expressed a hope that a spirit of concord would prevail among them.

ROME.

Some of the Fathers of the Oecumenical Council belonging to the Ultramontane party have signed a petition to the Pope pointing out the opportuneness of defining the dogma of his personal infallibility. It is believed, however, that the promoters of the measure will receive but little support, and that not 100 out of the 750 members of the Council will sign the petition. Consequently, it is supposed that his Holiness will only receive the document as an act of homage.

AUSTRIA.

The Budget Committee of the Lower House of the Reichsrath has approved the bill relating to the regulations for carrying out the law on the unification of the public debt. The committee adds provisions stipulating that the holders of obligations which bear the name of the possessors must also be required to convert them, and that the conversion shall be made free of stamp duty.

It is announced in the Vienna and Berlin papers that an Austrian Archduke will shortly pay a visit to the latter city, by way of returning the visit of the Prince Royal of Prussia to the Court of Austria. This exchange of courtesies is regarded as evidence of the good feeling existing between the two Powers, and as a fresh guarantee for the maintenance of peace.

TURKEY AND EGYPT.

The Porte has received a note from the Viceroy of Egypt explaining that the delay in giving up the ironclads and breech-loaders arose from a desire to ascertain their cost and to settle the mode of payment. This answer is said to be perfectly satisfactory to the Sultan.

GREECE.

The following modifications have been made in the formation of the new Cabinet:—M. Valeriti, Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. Tombaci, Minister of Marine; M. Delgarvin, Minister of Finance; M. Avericinis, Minister of Public Worship; M. Sarova, Minister of Justice; M. Scortro, Minister of War; M. Zaimis, Minister of Interior and President of the Council.

The King and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Valeriti, have gone to Santa Maura to relieve the sufferers by the late earthquake.

THE UNITED STATES.

A resolution was introduced on Tuesday in the Senate and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations instructing the Secretary of State to inquire into the expediency of proposing the transfer of British Columbia to the United States as a condition of a treaty for the settlement of the differences between America and Great Britain. The preamble states that the inhabitants of British Columbia desire such a transfer.

Numerous Washington correspondents of New York journals state that the President will shortly send to the Senate a secret message communicating a treaty negotiated between President Baez and the United States Commissioner Perry for the annexation of San Domingo to the United States as a territory. According to this intelligence, the United States undertakes to pay the debts of San Domingo, receiving public lands at a joint appraisement for all payments exceeding 1,500,000 dols. The treaty, it is added, is subject to ratification by the United States Senate and by a majority of the voters in San Domingo.

THE RED RIVER.

The Red River insurgents have issued a long declaration of independence, in which they state that hitherto the people of Rupert's Land have respected the authority of the Hudson's Bay Company, though the government of that company was far from answering to their wants; but that, having now been abandoned by it and transferred to a strange Power, they consider themselves free from all allegiance to their former rulers. They refuse to recognise the authority of Canada, and declare that they will continue to oppose it. They moreover proclaim, in the name of the people of Rupert's Land and the North-West territory, that they have established a Provisional Government, which they hold to be the only lawful authority existing in the country; and announce that they are ready to enter into such negotiations with Canada as may be favourable to the good government and prosperity of the people.

CHINA.

The ship *Crafton* has been abandoned in a sinking condition near Macao, having been attacked by pirates, who murdered all the Europeans on board except the captain and six men, whom they took prisoners. The Portuguese war-vessel *Cormore* has inflicted severe retribution upon those concerned in this piratical outrage, and has burnt all the villages adjacent to the scene of the murder.

FLAME STORMS.—Professor J. D. Steele has communicated a paper to the *Elmira Advertiser*, in which he says the result of observations now being taken show that storms rage upon the sun with a violence of which we can form no conception. Hurricanes sweep over its surface with terrific violence. Vast cyclones wrap its fires into whirlpools, at the bottom of which our earth could lie like a boulder in a volcano. Huge flames dart out to enormous distances, and fly over the sun with a speed greater than that of the earth itself through space. At one time a cone of fire shot out 80,000 miles, and then died away, all in ten minutes' time. Besides such awful convulsions, the mimic display of a terrestrial volcano or earthquake sinks into insignificance. There is nothing in these phenomena to alarm us. They have, in all probability, happened constantly for ages past. That we have now means of investigating their nature and measuring their height and velocity furnishes no cause of anxiety. Rumours of these discoveries have crept into the papers, and, exaggerated by repeated copying and sensational additions, have given rise to these mysterious and uncalculated predictions.

EXTRAORDINARY HOMICIDE AT PARIS.

AN extraordinary event has occurred in Paris, which has caused intense excitement, though the details are as yet involved in some obscurity. Prince Pierre Bonaparte has killed—there is no doubt of that—M. Victor Noir, a French journalist. The only question is whether the slaughter was a cowardly murder or a homicide, more or less provoked and justifiable. That is the point into which the Chamber of Investigation (*Chambre des Mises en Accusation*) of the High Court of Justice has to inquire. In the mean time there are two versions of the bloody story.

Prince Pierre Bonaparte, aggrieved by some remarks upon himself which had appeared in the *Marseillaise*, addressed a challenge to M. Henri Rochefort, the well-known editor of that paper. The letter was couched in unusual terms. The Prince complained of having been attacked by one of M. Rochefort's "flunkies," and asked that gentleman whether he considered himself responsible for the bespatterings of his inkstand. In the event of M. Rochefort's retaining "any remnant of the feelings of a Frenchman," Prince Pierre Bonaparte challenged him to a direct personal encounter, apparently without the intervention of seconds. "If perchance," he wrote, "you consent to withdraw the bolts which render your honourable person doubly inviolate, you will find me neither in a palace nor in a castle. I live plainly enough at No. 59, Rue d'Auteuil, and I promise that, if you call, you will find me at home." The Prince expected, apparently, that the principal in the quarrel, or the man whom he chose to make so, would answer his summons in person, and that the dispute might be settled without the interposition of friends. M. Rochefort, however, did not respond. M. Pascal Groucher, who had signed the offensive article, made himself answerable for it. On his behalf M. Victor Noir and M. Ulric Fonvielle waited upon the Prince. According to the account published in the *Constitutionnel*, Prince Pierre Bonaparte asked these gentlemen, on their being shown up into his drawing-room, whether they were the journalists sent by M. Rochefort. Assuming this narrative to be correct, the question was probably phrased in a manner which, if not designed, was yet felt to be insulting. M. Victor Noir, we are told, struck the Prince violently in the face; and M. Fonvielle, "doubtless expecting a blow," drew a revolver. That, assuming the truth of this story, M. Noir should have expected a blow in return for his attack, would be natural enough. Why M. Fonvielle should have supposed that he would be vicariously assaulted it is hard to say. The sequel was brief and bloody. The Prince, according to the *Constitutionnel*, snatched a pistol from a panoply decorating the saloon, and fired at M. Noir, whom he wounded, but who managed to struggle down stairs, at the foot of which he fell dead. Prince Pierre has himself written an account of the fray, which is identical, in every point but one, with that published in the *Constitutionnel*. He shot M. Noir, he admits; though not with a pistol taken from a panoply decorating the saloon, but with a revolver which happened to be in his pocket.

The *Marseillaise*, which doubtless contains M. Fonvielle's narrative, gives a somewhat different account of the origin of the dispute, and a wholly different version of its progress. According to this account, the two journalists called upon Prince Pierre Napoleon not with any reference to the article complained of in the Prince's letter to M. Rochefort, but in order to demand an explanation on behalf of M. Pascal Groucher with respect to certain articles which had appeared in the morning papers. The Prince asked whether they undertook responsibility for M. Rochefort's acts. They replied, in indirect and general terms, that they were responsible for their friends. Thereupon, according to the *Marseillaise*, the Prince, without having received any provocation, struck M. Noir in the face with his left hand, and, drawing a ten-chambered revolver from his pocket with his right hand, fired at M. Noir, who was within arm's length, and who immediately fell. M. Fonvielle, in self-defence, drew a pistol from his pocket, whereupon the Prince retired a few paces, and fired. The shot did not take effect; and, though the Prince stood before the door of the room, M. Fonvielle managed to escape. Another shot, aimed at him as he left the room, passed through his paletot.

Between these two accounts it would be premature now, and it may to the end remain impossible, to decide. Prince Pierre Napoleon had challenged Mr. Henri Rochefort to a personal encounter; and he admits that he had a pistol in his pocket. This is an article too commonly carried in France, but even there not usually worn on their persons by men in their own houses. M. Fonvielle appears to have been similarly armed. M. Noir and M. Fonvielle, it is fair to them to remember, were only seconds in the dispute, and could not expect that they would be called on to fight. Prince Pierre was a principal, and had invited M. Rochefort to a personal interview, which did not promise to be of a friendly or peaceful character. According to one account, M. Fonvielle did not draw his pistol from his pocket until Mr. Noir had been mortally wounded, and he himself had been fired at. According to the other, he drew it forth after the Prince had been struck in the face by M. Noir, doubtless, says the *Constitutionnel*, which speaks in the interest of Prince Pierre, expecting a blow. Why he should have expected to be struck in retaliation for M. Noir's assault is not explained. It does not appear from either of the conflicting narratives that M. Fonvielle discharged his pistol. He would seem to have presented it simply for the purpose of covering his retreat.

According to one statement, therefore, Prince Pierre Bonaparte, without receiving provocation, struck one of the two gentlemen who were waiting on him, shot him dead, and endeavoured to kill the other, at whom he twice discharged his revolver ineffectually. According to the other, he was himself first brutally assaulted by M. Noir, whom he did not shoot down, however, until he saw M. Fonvielle with a pistol in his hand. He attacked not the armed witness but the unarmed assailant, the resentment of insult overpowering the instinct of self-preservation. What a man would or would not do in the circumstances described is a matter on which it is idle to speculate. So far as the plea of self-defence is concerned, it is obvious that the Prince did not protect himself from M. Fonvielle by killing M. Noir.

It is unfortunate that the only witness of this lamentable transaction is a gentleman who was himself a very intimate party to it, and who, however honourable and truthful, cannot possibly have been in a very calm or judicial state of mind. Prince Pierre, who is the son of Lucien Bonaparte, and the younger brother of the Prince of Canino, whose contributions to philology are well known, has led a stormy life, full of personal and political adventure, in Europe and America. Few men have been more sudden and quick in quarrel. In duels and bloody brawls he has more than once slain his man. But he is now between fifty and sixty years of age; he has for nearly twenty years led a private life, devoted to literary pursuits and to the recreations of a country gentleman. This is now at end. The spatterings of M. Noir's blood are worse than the spatterings of M. Rochefort's inkstand. The Prince may have received and not given provocation, but he has cruelly avenged it. The only cheering circumstances in the matter are the promptitude with which M. Ollivier has ordered the arrest of the Imperial homicide, the Prince's yet more prompt self-surrender, and the fact that the trial will take place without regard to the rank of the accused.

Naturally, everyone felt curious to see how the *Marseillaise* would narrate the affair, and what comments would be made. The whole of its first page is printed in immense letters, varying in size and in kind, so as to attract more notice. It commences with the words:—

Murder committed by Prince Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte on the citizen Victor Noir.

Attempt at murder, by the same person, on the citizen Ulric de Fonvielle.

Then comes the following article, from the pen of M. Rochefort:—

I was weak enough to imagine that a Bonaparte could be anything else than a murderer! I ventured to think that a loyal duel was possible in that family where murder and ambush are traditional and customary! Our collaborator, Paschal-Groucher, shared in my error; and at present we

lament our poor friend Victor Noir, murdered by that bandit Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte. For now eighteen years France has been in the blood-stained hands of those cut-throats, who, not satisfied with mowing down the Republicans with grape in the streets, entice them into filthy snares to kill them within four walls. French people, can it really be that you do not think you have had enough of them?

The narrative by M. Ulric de Fonvielle, who had accompanied M. Victor Noir to Prince Pierre Bonaparte's residence, is as follows:—

On Jan. 10, at one o'clock, Victor Noir and myself went to the house of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, being sent there by M. Paschal-Grousset to demand from the Prince satisfaction for certain injurious articles against that gentleman published in the *Avenir de la Corse*. We handed our cards to the two servants who were before the door, and we were introduced into a little parlour, on the ground floor, on the right. Then, after a few minutes, we were made to ascend to the first floor, to pass through a fencing-gallery, and, finally, to penetrate into a saloon. A door opened, and Prince Pierre Bonaparte entered. We advanced towards him, and the following words were exchanged between us:—"Sir, we come to deliver to you a letter from M. Paschal-Grousset." "You do not come, then, from M. Rochefort, and you are not one of his *maîtres* (workmen)?" "Sir, we came about another matter; and I beg you to read this letter." I handed the letter to him, and he went near a window to read it. He did read it, and, after having crushed it up in his hands, he returned it to us. "I provoked M. Rochefort," said he, "because he is the standard-bearer of crapulence. As to M. Grousset, I have no answer to give him. Are you conjointly responsible with these carrion-mongers?" "Sir," I replied, "we come to you honourably and courteously to fulfil a commission intrusted to us by our friend." "Do you share the opinions of these wretches?" Victor Noir replied, "We share those of our friends." Then, suddenly advancing a step, and without any provocation on our side, Prince Bonaparte gave, with his left hand, a blow to Victor Noir, and at the same time drew a ten-shot revolver, which he had kept concealed and ready cocked in his pocket, and fired it point-blank at Noir. The latter sprang up on receiving the wound, applied both his hands to his breast, and tottered through the door by which we came in. The cowardly murderer then rushed towards me and fired a shot directly at me. I then seized the pistol I had in my pocket, and whilst I was striving to get it out of its case the wretch threw himself upon me; but on finding that I was armed he drew back, placed himself before the door, and took aim at me. Then it was that, comprehending the ambush into which we had fallen, and reflecting that, if I fired, persons would not fail to say that we had been the aggressors, I opened a door behind me and rushed out, crying "Murder!" At the moment of my egress a second shot was fired, and the ball again passed through my paletot. In the street I found Noir, who had just strength enough to descend the staircase, and was expiring. . . . Such are the facts as they took place, and I expect prompt and exemplary justice for this crime.

The Prince's account of the affair is thus given from his Highness's lips by a writer in the *Figaro*:—

They came into the room with a threatening air. They both had their hands in their pockets. After having read M. Grousset's letter, I said, "With M. Rochefort, willingly; but with one of his valets, never." "Read the letter," said the bigger of the two (Victor Noir), in a tone . . . I replied, "I have read it all. Are you bound by it?" I had my right hand in my trousers pocket, with my finger on my small five-barrelled revolver. My left arm was half raised in an attitude of defence when the big one struck me a heavy blow in the face. Thereupon the little one (M. Ulric de Fonvielle) drew from his pocket a six-barrelled pistol. I bounded back and fired on the one who had struck me. The other crouched down behind an arm-chair and tried to fire, but he could not cock his pistol. I approached towards him and fired, but I do not think he was touched. He then escaped and got to the door. I might have fired again, but as he had not struck me I let him go, although he still held his pistol in his hand. The door still remained open. He stopped in the adjoining chamber, turned round, and presented his pistol at me. I then fired again and he disappeared.

The Emperor was absent shooting at Rambouillet when the news of the catastrophe arrived. He was informed of it at the railway station by M. Pietri, the Prefect of Police, who was in waiting for him. Almost as soon as he arrived at the Tuileries, his Majesty saw the Minister of Justice, and fully approved the order which M. Ollivier had issued, without a moment's hesitation, on his own responsibility, to arrest Prince Pierre. The Prince, however, had anticipated this order by surrendering himself.

The news given by the *Gaulois* that M. de Fonvielle had been arrested and sent to Mazas is, happily, not true; and his being at large is regarded as evidence that the authorities do not believe Prince Pierre Bonaparte's story that M. Victor Noir was the aggressor. It is impossible not to be struck by the fact that Prince Pierre Bonaparte, by his own confession, kept his hand in his right pocket, on his loaded revolver, while M. M. Noir and Fonvielle were conferring with him; whereas M. Fonvielle's revolver was all the time in a case. It is part of the medical evidence that when M. Noir was found dead he had gloves on—a pretty plain proof that he did not contemplate using either fists or deadly weapons against the Prince.

Prince Pierre Bonaparte has been transferred from the Conciergerie to Mazas. Victor Noir was a *nom de guerre*. The young journalist, just cut off on the eve of his marriage, was a member of the Jewish persuasion, whose father's name was Salmon, a common corruption of Salomon.

Regarding the Court before which the Prince will be tried, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* says:—

Not M. Ollivier, but the Imperial laws (which now more than ever will shock the public conscience) are to blame for the decree which convokes a special Court, called the High Court of Justice, to try Prince Pierre Bonaparte. I was under the impression, in common with a great part of the Paris press, that only those relations of the Emperor who belong to the official Imperial family were exempted from trial by the ordinary courts of law for crimes and misdemeanours. Prince Pierre Bonaparte must have fancied so himself; for in his challenge to M. Rochefort he said, "I have the advantage, though a Bonaparte, of being only a private individual." The text, however, of the *Senatus Consultum* which regulates this matter is clear enough. Although only certain of the Emperor's relations selected by himself constitute what is arbitrarily called the "Imperial family," every member of the family outside of this pale is equally privileged in regard to immunity from the common law. The High Court of Justice is composed of Judges of the Court of Cassation selected by the Emperor, and the jury consists of Councillors-General of the departments. This High Court has never been convoked before, and I should think, owing to the disgust caused by the Corsican practices for which this indulgent jurisdiction is now claimed, it will never be convoked again. It is clearly doomed to abolition.

SPECULATIVE MANIA IN NAPLES.

A SPECULATIVE mania is in full swing at Naples, under a form which is remarkable for its simplicity and attractiveness, as well as for the universal ruin which the bursting of the bubble is sure to cause. Some years ago, when gold was at a premium of 18 per cent, a certain fast-living nobleman, of the name of Ruffo Scilla, who had run through his patrimony, hit upon the device of offering to pay in gold at par in twenty days for all loans made to him in paper. There was at once a rush of lenders eager to press advances upon him at a rate of interest which was really equivalent to above 200 per cent per annum, and the continuing supply enabled him duly to keep his word. When gold fell to a premium of 5 per cent, he enlarged the time for repayment to a month, but the crowd of lenders still continued. The civil authorities grew alarmed, and applied to Scilla for information as to the principle of his operations. He replied that he fulfilled his obligations punctually, and therefore was not subject to any interference of the law, and declined to accede to the request for further explanation. The Cardinal Archbishop next menaced him with excommunication unless he desisted. But he retorted that he was guilty of no religious any more than of any civil offence. A large proportion of his clients consisted of religious persons and corporations, who were rapidly enriched by the process, and he condescended to explain that it was by Bourse speculations he made the money by which he was enabled to carry on a system profitable to himself and his creditors. The Archbishop reported the matter to the Congregation of the Holy Office, and that body by receipt declared Signor Scilla's proceedings legitimate, and authorised all ecclesiastical persons to lend their money on the terms he offered. This sanction gave a new impetus to the trade, and competition quickly sprang up. One Costa offered 25 per cent per month to all who would intrust him with their money. Other establishments have been opened offering still higher rates, and as yet all have kept their engagements. The lenders, of course, have made immense fortunes, and this spectacle draws more and more eager crowds, consisting of every

class of society, into the vortex. Of course the obligations incurred are only made good out of the fresh deposits that come in, but everyone is in hopes that he will not be the last in the race. The Liberal papers in vain warn all concerned that the system is a swindle; their voice is powerless to check a mania which carries the whole population into its net. A tremendous crash will come ere long.

OBITUARY.

SIR DE LACY EVANS, G.C.B.—Many readers will learn with regret that one of the most brilliant and experienced of our General Officers, Sir De Lacy Evans, breathed his last peacefully, and almost painlessly, at his residence, in Great Cumberland-street, on Sunday evening, after a severe illness of about a week's duration, at the age of eighty-two. The immediate cause of his death was bronchitis. The General was, to a very great extent, a self-made man—at all events, it was rather by his talents and by his force of character than by interest that he rose to the high position which he held in his profession. Like so many of our most distinguished officers, he was an Irishman by extraction and birth. The son of the late Mr. John Evans, of Milltown, he was born at Moig, Ireland, in the year 1787, and received his early education at the Woolwich Academy. He obtained a commission in the Army in 1806 or 1807, and in the latter year proceeded to India, where we find him for three years taking part in the operations against Amer Khan and the Pindarees. He was also at the capture of the Mauritius. In 1810 he joined the army under Wellington in the Peninsula. He accompanied the army in its retreat from Burgos, and took part in nearly all the principal battles in Spain and Portugal. When Wellington was about to enter France, De Lacy Evans was sent forward by Sir George Murray to survey the passes of the Pyrenees. This work he executed with such ability as to obtain staff employ. After the advance into France, he was present at the battle of Toulouse, where he had a horse shot under him. He also gained great distinction by volunteering for storming parties and all similar enterprises where honour was to be gained by deeds of personal bravery. He received in rapid succession his company, Majority, and Lieutenant-Colonelcy, for services rendered against the enemy. Having quitted the army of Wellington, he was, in 1814, ordered on active service to North America, in order to take part in the war against the United States. At the battle of Bladensburg he had his horse shot under him; at Washington, with a very small force of infantry, he forced the Congress-House; and he also took part in the attack on Baltimore and in the assault on New Orleans. Returning to Europe in the spring of 1815, he was in time to join the army in Flanders under Wellington, and was engaged at Quatre Bras and at Waterloo, where he had two horses shot under him. He advanced with the army to Paris, and remained on the staff of the Duke of Wellington during the occupation. With the peace which followed, De Lacy Evans found that his chances of further active employ, at all events for a time, were small indeed; he began, accordingly, to devote his active and energetic mind to politics. He entered the House of Commons in 1831 as member for Rye, and represented that borough in one short Parliament. In December, 1832, he was unsuccessful there, and also as a candidate for Westminster, though a few months later he was returned by the latter constituency, when Sir John Cam Hobhouse sought re-election at its hands on taking office in Lord Grey's Administration. In 1835 the Queen Regent of Spain, through her Minister at the Court of St. James's, solicited leave from the British Government to raise an auxiliary force in this country, in order to support her cause and that of her daughter Isabella against her absolutist rival, Don Carlos. Her request was granted; a force of 10,000 men was raised and sent to Spain, under the name of "the British Legion," and the command of this force was accepted by Colonel Evans. For two years he carried on the contest in Spain on behalf of the Queen, with what success is known to most readers of history. The policy of raising a British Legion at all, and the conduct of the British Legion, were severely criticised at the time both in and out of Parliament; but Colonel Evans on returning home, in 1837, so thoroughly vindicated his conduct from all accusations that he was shortly afterwards nominated a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath in recognition of his services in Spain. He was rechosen for the city of Westminster in 1845 and 1847, but was doomed to lose his seat at the general election of 1841, when Captain, now Admiral, Rous headed him at the poll. At the next dissolution, however, he regained his place; and he continued to represent that constituency, with whose members he was of late years an especial favourite, down to 1865, when he retired from political life. In 1846 Sir De Lacy Evans attained the rank of Major-General, and on the breaking out of the Russian War in 1854 he was appointed to the command of the Second Division of the Eastern Army, with the rank of Lieutenant-General. At the battle of the Alma his bravery was conspicuous. He again distinguished himself in repulsing the attack of the Russians on our lines before Sebastopol, on Oct. 26, and was mentioned by Lord Raglan in the highest terms in his despatches. He again showed his worth as a man and as a General at the battle of Inkerman (Nov. 5). When on that morning the Russians attacked the position occupied by the second division, General Evans was so worn out by illness and fatigue that he had gone on board a vessel at Balaklava, leaving General Pennefather to command the division. On hearing that fighting was going on, however, the General rose from his sick-bed and joined his troops, not to take the honour of the day from Pennefather, but to aid him with his counsel. His noble conduct on this occasion was highly praised by the Commander-in-Chief, and again in the despatch in which the Minister for War conveyed her Majesty's thanks to the army of the East. In the following February, immediately on his return to England, invalided, General Evans received in person, in his place in St. Stephen's, the thanks of the House of Commons "for his distinguished services in the Crimea," the vote being conveyed to him in an admirable speech from the Speaker, enumerating the many occasions those services had been rendered. In the same year he was promoted to be a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and created an honorary D.C.L. by the University of Oxford, and, in 1856, a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.

COUNTESS DELAWARE.—On Sunday night Elizabeth Sackville, Countess Delaware (Baroness Buckhurst), expired, at her residence in Upper Grosvenor-street, after a long, but happily not a painful, illness. Lady Delaware was the last of the noble house of Dorset. She was born Aug. 9, 1795, and married, June 21, 1813, George John, fifth Earl Delaware, who died Feb. 23 last. She leaves surviving issue Charles Richard, sixth Earl Delaware; the Hon. Reginald West (now Baron Buckhurst), married to a daughter of Mr. A. Baillie Cochrane; the Hon. Mortimer West, a Groom in Waiting to the Queen; the Hon. Lionel West, secretary to the British Embassy at Paris; and the Hon. Captain William West; also, Lady Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Francis C. Hastings Russell, M.P.; and Mary, widow of the late Marquis of Salisbury. Her youngest daughter, Lady Arabella Diana, wife of Sir Alexander Bannerman, died a few days before her father, in the early part of last year.

THE REV. GILBERT AINSIE, D.D., MASTER OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.—The news of the death of this venerable and respected member of Cambridge University will be received far and wide with the regret that such an event deserves. He was on Monday week stricken with paralysis while engaged in his private devotions, and since then had been totally blind, having spoken not a word, nor taken any nourishment. He gradually sank, and expired about six o'clock on Sunday evening. The deceased was by some years the oldest by appointment of the heads of houses in the university, for, although Dr. Archdall-Gratwick (Master of Emmanuel) took his degree in the same year as Dr. Ainsie, the latter had been Master of Pembroke seven years when the former was promoted to be Master of Emmanuel. Both proceeded to their degree of B.A. in 1815, Dr. Ainsie being eighth wrangler, the senior being Mr. Leicester, of Trinity, afterwards

Fellow of Christ's, and the fifth in rotation the late Vice-Chancellor Wigram. Dr. Ainsie was elected in due course to fellowship, and in the year 1828 to the mastership of his college. In 1828 he served the office of Vice-Chancellor of the University, and again in 1836. During his long University career he has filled, as a matter of course, many minor offices, and his long experience has been invaluable on many syndicates and on questions of any emergency. As a resident in the town his aid was never wanting to the progress of any good work. His conduct generally endeared him to all who had the pleasure of his private acquaintance, or in any way were brought into communication with him. He leaves a wife and family to lament his death, a grief shared in by the public generally, though he has been removed "full of years and honours."

MR. JOHN TIDD PRATT.—On Sunday night Mr. John Tidd Pratt, many years Registrar of Friendly Societies, died, in his seventy-second year. The deceased gentleman was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1824; and, in addition to his office as Registrar of Friendly Societies, held a post in the National Debt Office, and was the barrister appointed to certify the rules of savings banks. He was the author of "Laws Relating to Friendly Societies," "A Collection of the Public General Statutes," "The History of Savings Banks," "The Laws of Highways," "An Analysis of the Property-Tax Act," "Suggestions for the Establishment of Friendly Societies," and other works of a similar character. In the latter years of his life he rendered efficient service to the public in disclosing, so far as official restraint would permit him, the unsound condition and business of some of the benefit, friendly, and similar societies. He also gave great assistance to the Legislature in its efforts to bring about a sounder state of things amongst such associations. He was always ready to supply anxious private inquirers with any information they desired as to the position and stability of societies in which they were interested.

NEUTRALITY OF OCEAN CABLES.

The Government of the United States has proposed to all the maritime Powers of the world the establishment of the principle of neutrality in ocean cables. The Secretary of State's letter is as follows:—

Department of State, Washington, Nov. 18, 1869.

Sir,—The President thinks the present moment favourable for the negotiation of a joint convention by the maritime Powers of the world for the protection of submarine cables. The United States have a peculiar interest in fostering the construction of these indispensable avenues of intelligence and in protecting them against wanton injury. Its domains extend from the coasts of the Atlantic and its commerce relies at regular intervals alike from the ports of the Atlantic and of the Pacific to the ports of Europe and of Asia. Its citizens on the shores of both oceans are in constant communication with each other across the continent, both by the rail and the telegraph. This central position in the commerce of the world entitles the United States to initiate this movement for the common benefit of the commerce and civilisation of all. The features which the President desires to incorporate into the proposed convention are:—

First. Suitable provisions for the protection of such cable lines, in time of peace and of war, against wilful or wanton destruction or injury. We have seen during the present year the submarine cable connecting Cuba with the United States severed, and communication through it interrupted. The President proposes to prevent similar destruction and injury hereafter by a joint declaration that such acts shall be deemed to be acts of piracy, and punished as such.

Second. Suitable provisions to encourage the future construction of such lines. Experience has already shown that the assumption by one nation to control the connections with the shores of another will lead to complications that may, unless arranged, result in preventing all direct telegraphic communication between the two countries. The President deems that this can be best prevented in future by providing that hereafter no exclusive concession shall be made without the joint action of the two Governments whose shores are to be connected. In this way the capital of both countries will be enlisted, and at the same time possible causes of difference will be removed.

Third. Provision against scrutiny of messages by Government officials. The President thinks that the right to establish such a scrutiny in favour of the Power controlling either end of the cable is calculated to lead to trouble, and had therefore better be prevented.

A draught of a convention embodying these points has been prepared, and is herewith inclosed. It will be understood, however, that this is submitted simply as a basis for future discussion, should the leading Powers concur with the United States in considering the subject one for international consideration and jurisdiction. The President desires that the representatives at Washington of Great Britain, France, Portugal, Spain, Italy, North Germany, Austria, Russia, Belgium, Holland, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Turkey, Greece, Venezuela, Brazil, the Argentine Confederation, Colombia, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, and Chili, may be empowered to enter jointly and simultaneously into negotiations with the United States and with each other with a view of concluding a joint convention for the purposes hereinbefore referred to, and instructions identical with these are issued to the representatives of the United States at each of those Powers. You will, upon the receipt of this, propose to the Cabinet of — to give to its Minister at Washington powers to enter into such negotiations with the United States, and with the representatives of such other Powers as may be empowered for that purpose, and to conclude with them such a joint convention; and you are at liberty, in your discretion, to furnish to the Minister for Foreign Affairs a copy of these instructions and their inclosure. I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

The draught of the convention which accompanies the foregoing instructions simply puts in treaty form the suggestions thus presented for the consideration of other Powers. Several responses have already been received, and it is understood that they are all favourable in agreeing upon the necessity of positively establishing such principle, though expressing no opinion upon the merits of the details of the convention.

THE PORT OF LONDON.

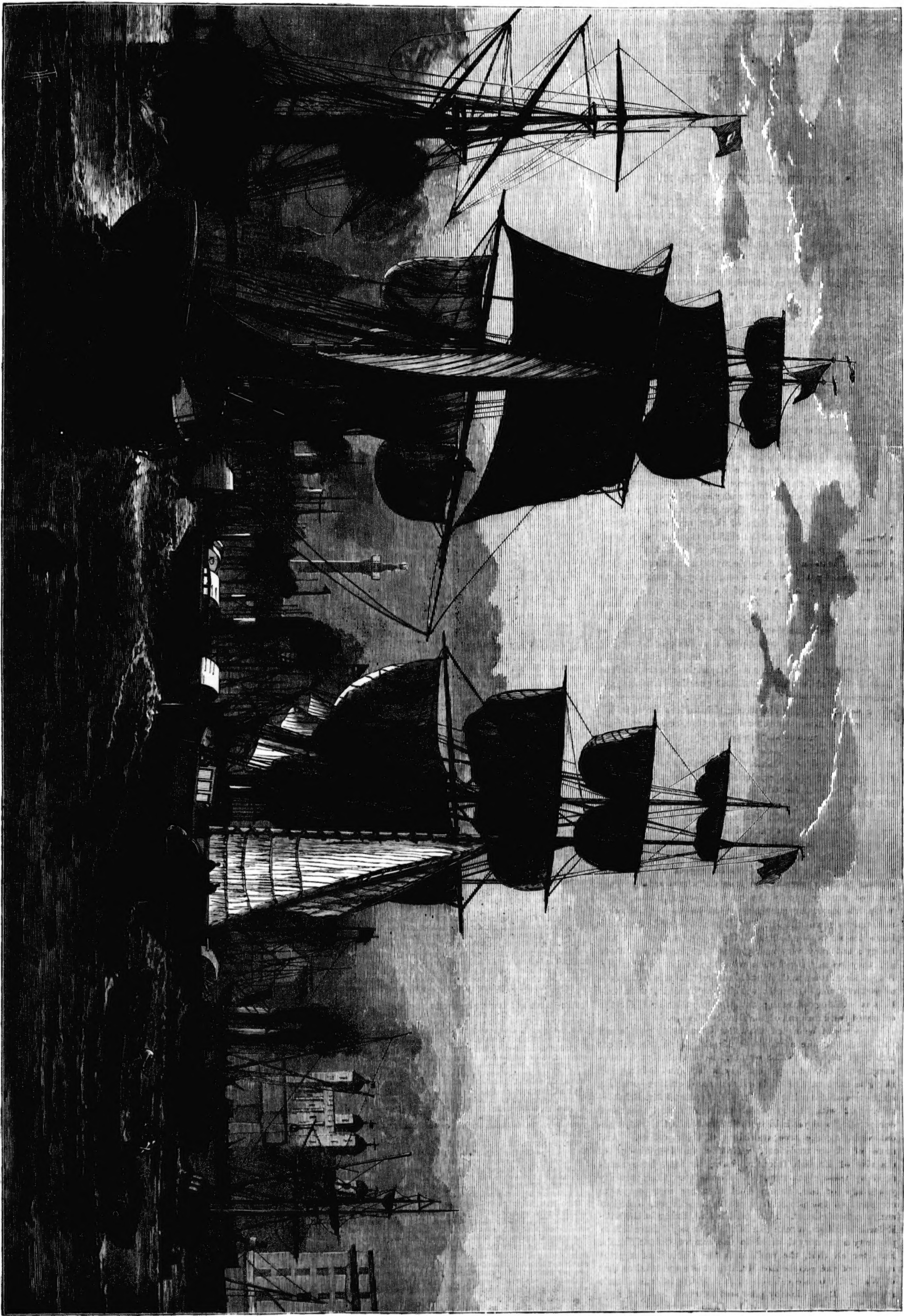
LET any wayfarer across London Bridge pause for a moment and look down the river, and he will see a busy scene. "Ships in thousands lie below," and men of all nations, if not *in* nations, are there busily engaged in mooring and unmooring ships, in discharging and taking in cargo, in handling spars and ropes, in guiding steam-ships, and in numberless other occupations incident to the work of a great maritime port. Here, besides a vastly preponderating majority of our own countrymen, are the lively sons of Gaul, chattering and gesticulating; solid Dutchmen and phlegmatic Germans, going about their work in sober but methodical fashion; quick-eyed, sharp-faced, cunning Greeks (especially prominent they are just before Christmas, when the fruit-ships arrive with the indispensable currants for the festive pudding); eager Italians; solemn Spaniards; cool but keen Yankees; and swarthy Malays and sallow Chinamen. From every quarter of the globe, in every variety of vessel, are goods of every conceivable description brought to the great mart of the world. Though men and ships from all nations are to be seen in the "Pool," it ought, however, to be a consolation to those who disquiet themselves about the prospects of British industry to know that at least three-fourths of all this mighty commerce is carried in British-built, British-owned, and British-manned vessels.

The port of London, as actually occupied by shipping, extends from London Bridge to Deptford, being a distance of four miles, and is from 400 to 500 yards in breadth. It consists of four divisions, the Upper, Middle, and Lower Pools, and the space between Limehouse and Deptford. The Upper Pool extends from London Bridge to Union Hole, about 1600 yards; the Middle Pool from thence to Wapping New Stairs, 700 yards; the Lower Pool, from the latter place to Horseferry Tier, near Limehouse, 1800 yards; and the space below to Deptford, about 2700 yards.

THE NEW TELEGRAPH TARIFF.—A sub-committee of the members of the Preston Exchange and News Room, appointed to examine the tariff of charges proposed to be put in force on the transfer of the telegraphs to Government, have just made their report. A schedule has been prepared with great care by Mr. W. Taylor, the town-clerk's assistant, of the news at present supplied by the telegraph company, each day's news being taken, with the number of words transmitted under each head of intelligence, and then an average drawn of a month's news, with the cost thereof. On a comparison of the present with the proposed tariff, it has been found that what has hitherto been supplied for £100 a year will, on the basis of the new tariff, cost £421. It is suggested that the Town Council take action in the matter.



PROCESSION IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO DURING THE RAMADAN.—SEE PAGE 45.



THE PORT OF LONDON: SHIPS IN THE POOL.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1870.

STATESMEN AND THE PEOPLE.

ENGLISHMEN are, no more than the rest of the world, entitled to throw stones, and certainly they have no right to cast a single pebble at America. We have derived so many stimulating lessons from the Far West—she has been so much a salutary thorn in our sides—that, even where we cannot praise her, we can afford, for many reasons, to leave her alone, and look to our own disordered household. One of the charges constantly laid at her door, however, is that the tone of public affairs is so low, so “rowdy,” and so little favourable to what we in England are accustomed to regard as freedom, that the most cultivated and honourable men are apt to shrink from the career of statesmanship. “A life in civic action warm” is about the highest ideal of a career which an English gentleman like Mr. Tennyson can frame for his dearest and most honoured friend; but we are very confidently assured by unfavourable critics that “a life in civic action warm” means in the United States, at least for the enormous majority of those who embrace such a life, a career no better in its essential characteristics than that of a “lamb” or a “man in the moon” in this country. Unfortunately—or fortunately, for why should everybody know all about everybody else?—differences of moral perspective interfere with our criticism of these matters. But the obvious presumption must be that in the story of a great educated nation, any imperfections of this kind in the relation of statesmen and people must be transient blunders in the onward path. We know something of the yesterdays of human history, and a little of its to-days; but how very little of its to-morrows! Ten years ago, who thought Italy would be where she is? Three years back, who expected that Spain would take the plunge? Four years ago, which of us was sanguine enough to suppose that Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Bright would be at the head of public affairs in England, with an immense majority at their backs, the Irish Church disestablished, the Irish land question imminent, and national education standing in the front. There is something to be placed on the wrong side of the account, but nothing to induce us to distrust the future, or to fear we are on the way to “rowdyism” in politics.

Yet political rowdyism has been one of the bugbears flaunted in our eyes by Conservative speakers and journalists for years past; and especially since the formation of the present Ministry. Mr. Gladstone and the rest were sold to Mr. Bright and Mr. Mill. Mr. Bright and Mr. Mill were incendiaries, infidels, and chartered libertines. Therefore, we should speedily be swamped under the waters of Communism, “free love,” atheism rampant, truckling to the mob, and general demoralisation. The very mildest of the opponents of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were quaintly curious to know when the millennium would set in. They did not exactly parody the earthquake gowns of Horace Walpole’s days, by proposing that ladies should wear millennium gowns till Mr. Gladstone made the lion and the lamb lie down together, and the conduits run milk and honey; but they very nearly went that length, and, above all, they were goose-fleshed with sacred horror that Mr. Bright should be a Cabinet Minister. It was horrible—most unvirtuous—Lucretia winking at Tarquin, with Colatinus winking at both; and the Republic sold, for the salary of the President of the Board of Trade.

Yet it might be hoped that few thoughtful people can fail to see that the accession of Mr. Bright to the Cabinet has been a great public benefit. Representative Government is as yet most imperfectly organised, and it is a grand thing to have men of high character and culture—working statesmen of the calibre of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright—in rapport with the people—“wielding at will that fierce democratic,” and yet holding their own in the Cabinet, without violating the true traditions of their offices. And none of those traditions, verifiable in the history of the rise of English freedom, have, in fact, been sacrificed by these great men. It is quite true that, seventy years ago or less, it was held that for newspapers to comment on the proceedings of Parliament was seditious and unconstitutional. It is possible that, living in the anti-Reform Bill days, a man like Mr. Bright might have left to posterity a memory dwarfed to the size of Orator Hunt’s. But, for all that, the position in the Cabinet of a great minister of the people like Mr. Bright is as natural as that of Wat Tyler before cabinets existed, and is in true historic sequence. Revolution by pike and bludgeon is out of date. “Revolution by due course of law,” to quote the Duke of Wellington, is out of date. We have arrived at the era of political change by understanding between the Government and the people. The threat of latent force is always in the

background—till the millennium; but one of the best conceivable guarantees for the continued latency of violence of any kind is the presence in the Cabinet of political conductors like Mr. Bright, and in such facts as that the foremost subject in Europe, and one of the best and most accomplished men of his age, is at the same time Premier of this nation and member for a minor metropolitan borough.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE was safely delivered of a Prince at eleven o’clock on Sunday evening. Her Royal Highness and the infant Prince are doing perfectly well.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has awarded a binocular glass to Captain Wood, of the steamer *Prudence*, of North Shields; and a telescope to Mr. James Hart, of Folkestone, the master of a fishing-smack, for services rendered by them, respectively, to the crews of French vessels.

H.S.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF Saxe-Weimar, C.B., will, it is rumoured, have the command of the Brigade of Guards, vacant by the promotion of Lieutenant-General Hamilton. The appointment of Prince Edward, who gained much distinction while serving with the Grenadier Guards in the Crimea and has made a study of his profession, would be satisfactory to the public and popular among the officers and men of the Guards.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL, it is said, will serve as Sub-Lieutenant in one of the regiments of the camp of Châlons, in May next.

THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL has been compelled by illness to resign her position in the Royal household as Mistress of the Robes. The post thus vacated will be filled by the Duchess of Sutherland.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has presented to Mr. Gladstone the names of Archdeacon Parry and the Rev. Charles Sanford, Censor of Christchurch, and for many years one of his Grace’s domestic Chaplains, for the office of suffragan under the title, according to ancient precedent, of suffragan of Dover.

DR. LEE, the late Bishop of Manchester, has bequeathed his extensive library to the trustees of Owens College. The library is said to be unusually rich in valuable editions of the Holy Scriptures.

THE WELL-KNOWN STAR AND GARTER HOTEL, at Richmond, was on Wednesday completely destroyed by fire, and it will be learnt with regret that Mr. Leve, who had just succeeded to the post of manager, lost his life. The origin of the fire is, as usual, a mystery. The building was insured in the Atlas, Guardian, Phoenix, and Sun Offices.

MR. HERBERT, late Secretary to the railway department of the Board of Trade, has been appointed Assistant Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office.

A DECREE HAS BEEN PUBLISHED granting permission to M. Ledru Rollin to return to France.

THE REV. ALFRED WILLIS, Vicar of New Brompton, near Chatham, is to be the first missionary Bishop of Madagascar.

THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY will meet on the evening of the 25th inst. to select an associate to their body. About eighty artists, painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers have been nominated.

A ROYAL COMMISSION has been appointed in Belgium to superintend the visit of Belgian workmen to the international exhibition which is to take place in London during the present year.

THE SUCCESS OF COMPULSORY VACCINATION in Kensington is proved by the fact of only one death occurring from smallpox in twelve months.

THE JOINERS OF GLASGOW have resolved that on and after March 1 they will have a halfpenny an hour more than at present, and that they will only work nine hours a day.

LORD HARBOURBY presided last Saturday over a meeting of the Staffordshire Chamber of Agriculture, at which a discussion on the land question took place, and a resolution was passed recognising the value of arbitration as a mode of settling differences between a landlord and a tenant on the expiration of a lease.

THE REV. DONALD FRASER, of the Free High Church, Inverness, has accepted the call given the second time from the English Presbyterian Church, Marylebone, and will enter on his ministry early in February next.

THE BOARD OF TRADE have awarded a binocular glass to Captain José Antonio de Pinho, of the Portuguese schooner *Lisenojro*, of Oporto, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the master and crew of the schooner *Margaret*, of Hull, whom he picked up at sea on Aug. 3, 1869. The *Margaret* foundered on Aug. 2, in lat. 39° 30' N. and long. 10° 50' W.

MR. ALDRIDGE AND MR. SYKES, the official solicitors under the Bankruptcy Act of 1861, have been appointed by the Lord Chancellor the official solicitors under the new Act of 1869, in all cases where no trustee shall be appointed and during any vacancy in the office of trustee, and to act generally for the registrars of the court in cases where their services may be required.

THE REV. PREBENDARY FRASER, who has been nominated to the vacant Bishopric of Manchester, is well known as an earnest worker in the cause of education. He was Ireland scholar, first-class in classics, and subsequently Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Mr. Fraser took an active part in the labours of the Duke of Newcastle’s Education Commission, and his name is familiar in connection with a valuable report upon the American common school system.

THE WINDING-ROPE OF A PIT near Merthyr Tydfil broke, on Saturday last, and five men were precipitated to the bottom, a distance of 500 yards. They were instantly killed, their bodies being smashed to pieces. At the same pit two men were killed a month ago in a similar manner.

THE IRISH EXHIBITION PALACE was put up to public auction on the 31st ult., but, no adequate offer being made, the property was withdrawn. It cost £100,000, and the highest bid made was £25,000. The late Government offered £47,000 for it, in order to found an Irish institute of arts and manufactures, after the model of South Kensington Museum; but the shareholders thought it very liberal.

A DUEL with swords has just taken place in Naples between M. Cognetti and M. Trombetta. After several passes, the latter’s weapon pierced his adversary’s breast, who fell, exclaiming, “I am wounded!” He attempted to rise, but a jet of blood issued from his mouth, and he fell back dead. The rapier had pierced his heart. The cause of the dispute was an angry discussion in the journals on the establishment of certain financial institutions.

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1869 we had 177 steam-ships of the Royal Navy in commission, of which twenty-five were armour-plated vessels. The total number of guns are reported to be about 1660; the number of men and boys, 32,396; and the total horse-power (nominal) was 57,885.

SERIOUS RIOTING has taken place at the Thorncliffe Collieries. Five hundred unionists, with bludgeons, knives, and other weapons, endeavoured to attack the houses of the non-unionists. Non-unionists, armed with revolvers, were prepared for a desperate resistance; but a large police force, under Captain Niell, prevented a serious collision. Several constables were maltreated.

THE DEATH IS ANNOUNCED OF THE REV. PHILIP GELL, Vicar of St. John’s, Derby. Mr. Gell was a member of the Evangelical party. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1805, being sixth senior optime in the mathematical tripos. One of his sons is the Bishop of Madras.

AN EXPLOSION TOOK PLACE a short time ago at one of the Nantyglo collieries, in consequence of an accumulation of gas. Mr. Crawshaw Bailey, the proprietor, has been summoned at the Tredgar Petty Sessions for having permitted the ventilation of the shaft to be neglected. The offence was admitted, and the magistrates inflicted a penalty of £2 10s.

THE QUESTION whether the mere selling of articles made by a patented machine amounted to an infringement of the patentee’s right was argued, on Tuesday, in the Court of Exchequer. The Judges held that the patent laws protected not only machinery but articles made from it, and that the purchase and sale of such articles was an infringement of the rights of the patentee.

MR. PALMER, the celebrated Arabic scholar (travelling Fellow of the University of Cambridge), has arrived in Arabia, where he and a friend will spend some months among the Arabs of the district bordering upon Sinai. The object of Mr. Palmer is to learn and record the legends believed to be still existing there as to the passage of the Israelites and their sojourning in the neighbourhood. Mr. Palmer has undertaken this difficult task for the Palestine Exploration Society.

TWO BROTHERS, twelve and ten years of age respectively, the sons of Mr. Chalmers, teacher, at Taypat, Dundee, went out in a pleasure-boat on the river Tay, last Saturday evening. The boat was swamped through carelessness, and both boys were drowned. Another son of Mr. Chalmers was drowned in the Tay when bathing some months ago.

CHARGES AGAINST POLICEMEN were last Saturday heard by the magistrates sitting at the Marylebone and Thames courts. At the latter a constable had been summoned for assaulting a woman, but he succeeded in proving the accusation groundless. In the other case, however, a member of the force was brought up in custody on a charge of robbing a licensed victualler, and the evidence induced the magistrate to grant a remand.

A WORKMEN’S INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE took place on Monday, at the Society of Arts, under the presidency of Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., to discuss the arrangement for the proposed exhibition in the Agricultural Hall, in July next. The subjects dealt with included the classification of objects in the exhibition, the system of prizes, the opening of workshops in the building, and the best way of promoting the interests of technical education. The conference was followed by a dinner and a public meeting.

THE LOUNGER.

LAST week I said, “We look in vain for anything remarkable from Bishops now;” and afterwards, “At this moment I cannot recollect a Bishop appointed in this century who has written anything that will live, except it may be Bishop Thirlwall.” A country clergyman, angry at this, thus writes, “You doubtless forget such names as those of Ellicott, Harold, Browne, Wordsworth, and Trench in your sweeping remarks on the English Episcopate; Bethell, Tait, Kaye, and Philpotts, and last, not least, Whately, the names of Bishops but lately dead, all of whom have written some works of value, and that will live, I imagine.” Well, Whately must be excepted from my “sweeping remarks.” He was a strong man, and possibly his chief works—on logic, political economy, and rhetoric—may live for a time; but most of his other works are already, I am told, sinking below the horizon. With respect to the other names in my clerical correspondent’s catalogue, I have this to say. I did not affirm that Bishops have not written good and useful books during this century, but that no great work had been produced by a Bishop—no work that will live as the works of the giants of old have lived. And, after carefully considering the names of the Bishops upon my correspondent’s list, I am not disposed to retract what I have said. But let not anyone suppose that I wish to depreciate the Episcopate, or that I rejoice because great men are so seldom now found in the ranks of the Bishops. Though I confess that I do not admire the institution of Lord Bishops, yet would I hail with delight a Bishop like Butler, Warburton, and many others; and would lift my hat to him whenever I met him in the street. Nay, if a Bishop could be found capable of making a good translation of that book which Carlyle says is “One of the grandest things ever written with pen,” and “that there is nothing written, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit”—to wit, the Book of Job—that translator, though I dislike episcopal enthronement, should certainly be enthroned in my heart of hearts. Is it not a shame, wealthy as our Universities are, richly endowed as our Established Church is, jealous as they profess to be for the Bible, loudly as they chant its praises, that we cannot get an intelligible translation of this sublime poem? If we want a translation we must go to Germany for it. In Germany there are no wealthy Lord Bishops; the churches are not rich; all the German Universities put together are scarcely so wealthy as Oxford; and yet it is to Germany we must go if we want really to understand many parts of the Bible. Nay, “tell it not in Gath,” scholars say that even in classical literature Oxford stands below the German Universities, and, further, that most of the classics used at Oxford are edited by Germans. But I have wandered away from my clerical correspondent. I must, however, return to him for a moment, just to notice rather an odd excuse he makes for the Bishops of the first half of this century. He says:—“We must not forget that the first half of the century was not an Augustan age in literature, that Lord Macaulay, Hallam, Thackeray, Dickens, *cum aliis*, flourished in the middle of the century.” Granted; though with respect to some of them it might be questioned. But Bentham, Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott all flourished in the first half of the century, and were dead before it expired; not to mention the men of science, Dalton, Sir Humphry Davy, &c. Indeed, compared with the last century, the first half of this was the Augustan age of literature.

Some weeks ago I wrote a long paragraph upon the rapid absorption of small farms now going on through the length and breadth of the land. At the close of the paragraph I allowed that farming on a large scale is more productive than it is on a small scale. I concluded that this is so from the evidence of men who know more about the subject than I do; or, at least, men who I thought ought to know, as they are farmers, and I am not a farmer. But I have since learned that many farmers do not think so. Here is one, who signs himself “Sexagenarian” and dates from Shropshire. He denies that large farms are the most productive; and he gives, in support of his denial, two reasons, which are certainly worth considering:—First, small farms are better overlooked than large farms are; and, secondly, large farms have not, in proportion, so much capital and labour invested in them as small farms have. Then he adds another reason why he prefers small farms to large:—“Small farmers breed and look after poultry, and grow fruit and garden produce, and supply also dairy produce—milk, butter, and cheese—to the people.” All which large farmers neglect. Moreover, he says, “the wives of small farmers do this more economically” than large farmers. If they do it, all can do it; and certainly this is true. But whether, on the whole, large or small farms are most productive, surely every man must acknowledge that the obliteration from the land of small farms and farmers must be an evil. This race of men is that which the great Prussian statesman, Stein, when Prussia was in her agony, created there. This is the class of which Cromwell’s regiment of Ironsides was composed; and it is also the class which came so gallantly to the front in the late American War and settled it. And yet this class we are allowing our great landed proprietors deliberately to destroy. The “Encyclopædia Britannica” tells us that in 1861 there were nearly three million farms in England and Wales. Of these, 199,673 were under 100 acres. These are supposed to be diminishing at the rate of nearly 20,000 in ten years. But this is not all: the farms between 100 and 200 acres are also decreasing. Surely this is a matter to which our reformed Parliament ought to turn its attention.

It seems now to be pretty certain that we shall get no education bill passed this session: Parliament will not have time for it. Moreover, there is the theological difficulty to be agitated, and discussed, and fought out by the people. It is usually called the religious difficulty. I call it the theological, for when you come to look at the matter closely there is little or no religion involved. It is a quarrel between rival churches which shall get the children. When men say they will not have religion taught in the national schools, they mean theology. When others say they will have religion taught, they, too, mean theology. Each sect wants its own creed taught. Simple people think that religion and theology are one and the same, but they are not. They are often quite adverse, and even antagonistic. As we are in for a battle—and I fear a long and angry battle—on the question, it is well that we should understand clearly this difference. Let me say something further to impress it upon the minds of my readers. Remember, then, that during the first century after the death of Christ the Church had little or no theology. Christians depended almost entirely upon the traditions of their Divine Master; and their one aim and object was to obey His teaching, and live His life; and the impelling power to this was love to Him. But, in time, floating opinions began to crystallise into theological forms; and in the third century an elaborate and so-called scientific system of theology was formed. St. Augustine has the credit of this work. Bad luck to him therefore; for after that there was thenceforward, almost to this day, no peace in the Church. The question now became, not, “How do you love the Lord and obey Him?” but, “What do you believe?” In short, not unity, but uniformity, was demanded; and as that could not be obtained, the Church split up into sects, and fought literally like demons, and continued to fight, until the Church divided into two Churches—the Eastern and the Western, or the Greek and the Roman. It is the Roman with which we have to do. That, as we know, in time put down all other sects, and reigned supreme. And ever since this great power culminated, or even earlier, what has Church history been? One can liken it to nothing so appropriate as a dark, turbid, troubled stream tinged with blood, which, as you travel down it, seems resonant with the shrieks of the tortured and the groans of the dying. There is really nothing so shocking to read as Church history. But here I must remind you that this is not the history of religion, or religious history. It is theological history. Religion had very early to spread her wings and fly away; to hide herself in holes, and caves, and secluded valleys. Voltaire said that Christianity had shed more blood, caused more suffering, and destroyed more human beings, than all the mere quarrels of monarchs put together; and if he had for

Christianity substituted theologians, or theology, he would have been right. Christianity, as it came from the Divine Master, if it could not have been kept clear of theology, would have been to the world as a very river of life. If I had space, I could show how, when uniformity of creed once came to supersede unity of life, all this mischief was inevitable.

The best joke of the day is a proposal just made in the prospectus of an association called "The Lawyers' Union for Private Prayer," that every "limb of the law," from the staid Lord Chancellor down to the youngest copying-clerk, should at "stated times" engage in a bout of simultaneous private prayer. Why lawyers in particular are called upon in an especial manner to pray does not appear; but what they are to pray for is deliverance from the temptations to which the profession is peculiarly exposed. A very laudable object—for, no doubt, lawyers are not free from temptations. But why should the scheme be confined to that profession? and why is the legal world to pray only for themselves and their "fellow-Christians" engaged in the same pursuit? Do not non-Christian lawyers—if there be any such—stand most in need of blessing? and might not persons engaged in other professions and pursuits be invited to join in the petition for deliverance from temptation? Parsons, for instance, might pray simultaneously to be saved from spiritual pride, the sin to which they are most prone; tradesmen of all sorts might ask aid to resist the temptation of using false weights, giving short measure, and selling adulterated goods, allurements to which they are not only liable, but often fall victims; workmen might with propriety seek strength to resist the temptation to "jawk and play" when the eye of the master or foreman is not upon them; unionists and non-unionists might well pray that they may have grace given them to live in peace with each other; the "Reciprocity" dunces might ask for a morsel of common-sense, a commodity of which they stand sorely in need; and even some statesmen might seek protection against the temptation to "give up to party what was meant for mankind." But why the poor lawyers, who are vulgarly supposed to be Satan's own already, and therefore past praying for, should be mocked in this way is a puzzle. There is only one explanation that I can see—namely, that, as lawyers are proverbial for their soft-heartedness and easy gullibility, they may, perhaps, comply with the request that half a sovereign should be sent to "the secretaries" for the benefit of the funds of the "association!" How very verdant the issuers of this prospectus must be to fancy that lawyers, of all orders of men, would be likely to respond to such an appeal! Imagine, if you can, a lawyer paying 10s. for the privilege of saying his prayers—and in private, too! "Catch a weasel asleep."

We are, it seems, to have yet another exhibition of pictures in London this spring. So much the better; the more the merrier—or, at least, the pleasanter. This other exhibition is to be held at 39, Old Bond-street, W., under the auspices of an association just formed under the title of "The New British Institution." A provisional committee has been formed, of which Mr. Thomas J. Gallick is secretary, which includes the names of many well-known artists, and the efforts of which have received the cordial approval of Sir Francis Grant and a host of members and Associates of the Royal Academy and of other artistic bodies. Most satisfactory promises of support by offers of pictures for exhibition and otherwise have been received, and the new institution promises to be thoroughly successful.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Professor Tyndall has another of his very readable Alpine papers. It is entitled, "Climbing in Search of the Sky," and is full of his usual little egotisms, and, of course, of his usual suggestiveness and fluency in matters of picturesque detail. But it would have been much better without the touch of cynicism at the end about the poor guide:—

When we were once more upon the lower glacier, having left all difficulties behind us, he remarked with a chuckle that his wife had been in a terrible state of fear, and had informed him of her intention to have a mass celebrated for his safety by the village priest. But if he profited by this mediation, I must have done so equally; for in all dangerous places we were tied together by a rope which was far too strong to break had I slipped. My safety was, in fact, bound up in his, and I therefore thought it right to pay my share of the expense. "How much did the mass cost?" I asked. "Oh, not much, Sir," he replied; "only ninety centimes." Not deeming it worth dividing, I let him pay for my fourpennyworth of celestial intervention.

There is nothing ludicrous in the poor wife's simplicity and tender, pious concern for her husband's welfare; but there is something offensive in the learned Professor's jest. The study of "Condorcet," not yet completed, exhibits Mr. John Morley in his happiest vein, and is particularly well worth turning to for itself simply, as well as in its relation to the same gentleman's other sketches of distinguished Frenchmen; De Maistre, Lamennais, &c. I use the word sketches, but they are, in fact, much more. The relations of the law to Political Economy and to English history occupy a large space in the number, Professor Cairnes and Mr. Seebohm taking up those subjects—the latter gentleman dealing with Feudal Tenures, the former with the question whether or not property in land is exempt from the usual law of free-trade or *laissez-faire*. Mr. Cairnes holds, with Mr. Mill, that it is; though this doctrine is, I believe, opposed by "extreme" economists of the school of Mr. Lowe. Professor Edward Dowden makes the first attempt I ever saw to put in definite shape the characteristics of the genius of Marlowe, with its peculiar love of the gigantesque and lurid. The fact is that Marlowe was a little Satanic. Sir George Grey gives us some interesting translations of the "Death Laments" of New Zealand savages, which he quotes apropos of Professor Huxley's contradiction of the Comtian doctrine of theological evolution. The examples are welcome; but the apropos is not made very clear. A word of praise is long overdue to Mr. Marmion Savage for his good serial story, "The Woman of Business." Mr. Llewelyn Davies reviews with studied moderation, and yet with kindness, Mr. Maurice's "Lectures on Social Morality"—some amendments for the excessive harshness of a former article by Mr. J. C. Morison.

In the *Contemporary Review* the paper on "Hegel and his Connection with British Thought," by Dr. Collyns Simon, is one of the very oddest metaphysical essays I ever read; I have cracked hard nuts in my time, but *this* I give up. The Dean of Canterbury has a fine paper on the "Idylls of the King." Mr. Herbert Skeats comes forward to defend himself against Mr. Mayor, and repeats, of course, some of the points raised in his behalf in this journal a few weeks ago; but Jeremy Taylor hardly receives justice upon the toleration question; and the controversy has not gained in "sweetness." The Rev. Professor Cheetham opens his admirable paper on "The Roman Curia" with these words:—"Shrewd Isaac Barrow long ago remarked of the government of the Church, that 'political unity doth not well accord with the nature and genius of the evangelical dispensation.'" I should think not! Nor with any of the most enlarged secular conceptions of human destiny. The human race a brotherhood, not a leash of discordant nationalities—that is the ideal at the bottom of them all. Nobody need trouble himself to point out the remoteness of this ideal—we can all see that—there is plenty more war to come yet. There is the question of the entrance of a united Scandinavia into European politics; the question of Russia and India; the questions of China, Japan, and the whole of the West; the question of Turkey; and the question, in the other hemisphere, of the splitting up of the United States into three—a western, a north-eastern, and a southern division. Our children will see lively times, depend upon it. If Professor Gervinus is right, a great popular convulsion is to come off in twenty years, or less.

The *Amateur Club Magazine* contains at least two papers which deserve special notice—"The Long Room" and "The Dear Squire." The latter is very natural. I cannot get rid of a haunting impression that I have seen the former somewhere before; but that may, of course, be wrong.

The *St. James's* Christmas number contains many illustrations which are strikingly good. The contents consist exclusively of one story, "My First Love," by Mrs. J. H. Riddell—one is always tempted to write Mrs. George Geith.

Once a Week deserves a public, and I hope it has one; but its Biblical criticism is not up to the mark. Do read this:—

It is the hard fate of some authors to have a line or a sentence of their writing perpetually quoted, and almost invariably quoted wrongly; a fact first Sunday after Trinity, wherein the prophet is desired to write a denunciation of woe upon the walls, "that he may run who readeth it;" that is, that taking warning he may escape. Often as this has been pointed out, people still persist in quoting it "that he who runs may read," as if it were merely the plainness of the writing that the stress is laid upon!—thus entirely perverting the sense of the passage.

Quite "up the country," Mr. Once-a-Week! The passage means exactly what the usual paraphrase (from some poet—Cowper?) expresses. Habakkuk is to write the words up so "that he may (be able to) run who (at the same time) readeth it." The correction of the misproduction of Pope is welcome. That of Dr. Watts I should have thought everybody knew to be a joke. But *Once-a-Week* contains some really capital papers.

Good Words begins the new year with two new stories, which promise excellently. Many of its readers will be glad (as I am) to see its traditions in respect of the character of its serial narratives a little broken through—indeed, it was broken through last year. The author of "Dr. Antonio" and the author of "How It All Happened" will give us plenty of simple human feeling, without that spiritual haze which makes you feel, when you have had so much of it, that solid life is all going off into cloud-land. Miss Ingelow contributes two beautiful little poems; and Miss Smedley, a "Dramatic Sketch," which is surely a little febrile. But then the "hero" has not yet settled to his work, poor fellow! and he will make a man yet. From the paper, by the Dean of Canterbury, on "The Christianity of the Present and of the Future," let me extract this bit of irony:—"Christianity cannot [now] coerce, cannot persecute; this weapon of her sovereignty is taken from her by the law of the land." Her warm lines upon Lady Byron in 1852 are very interesting, and nobody doubts that they were true. Neither is it possible in the present state of our information, or, rather, want of information, to judge between her and his Lordship. But it is deeply important to note that what may be roughly described as the ecstatic type of character is by no means likely to be the most alive to questions of simple human justice. In two particulars she certainly failed in common fairness and kindness, such as very coarse, stupid people are found easily capable of. The moral use to which she *enured*, as lawyers say, her "firm belief that her husband was now a blessed spirit," and would wish certain communications to be made, was profoundly ludicrous. It is to be noted, also, that when once a mind capable of "ecstasy" has got a matter of real or supposed fact up into the region of faith, the idea becomes irremovably impacted. Everybody must have observed this in perfectly sane and sensible people of the type in question. An ordinary man of the world, able or not, may be disabused upon a question of fact if he is in error about it. But let a specially devout person, however able (and Lady Byron was a very able woman indeed), get hold of a mistake of fact, and pray over it a good many times, the chances are that he soon comes to believe that God has told him he is right in his fancy. Nevertheless, these are only comments in the dark—we have as yet no attested facts whatever. I only regret that this is a place in which I cannot attempt to dissect the "evidence" as it stands. In the meanwhile, Sir, let us, each of us, pray that if anybody is to relate horrors of us after we are dead and silent it may not be some one who is firmly convinced that we are "now" such "blessed spirits" that we shall be sure to acquiesce in what is said over our defenceless dust. At the same time we must remember that Lady Byron herself is dead and cannot answer, directly or indirectly, our criticisms.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The indignation which has been generally felt regarding the degeneracy of entertainments known as "burlesques" is entitled to more consideration than the "cant" cry about the legitimate drama. Mr. Barry Sullivan has been pretty liberally patted on the back for his Holborn venture. Quite as much eulogy, if not more, does Mr. W. H. Liston deserve for his reform at the OLYMPIC, because Mr. Liston, though a manager, is not an actor. The old war between taste and vulgarity will go on for ever; and seeing that, as a rule, vulgarity pays far better than taste, I really think it was a plucky act on the part of Mr. Liston when he listened to Mr. W. S. Gilbert's proposition to introduce Tennyson's poem "The Princess" to the stage. Sensible manager to encourage an author—lucky author to meet with such a manager! To tell the truth, it was a great risk, this experiment to exchange jingle for admirable verse; break-downs for poetry; and the pot-house ditties of some great cad or other for the lighter and more tuneful airs of the modern French school of music. An egregious failure or a happy success was equally on the cards at the Olympic last Saturday. I really do not think in any other hands the experiment could have succeeded. Mr. Gilbert has worked his way gradually and pertinaciously to the front; but I don't think (*pace* the "Bab Ballads") he has ever shown so demonstratively what a true and delicate humorist he is as on the present occasion. He has written burlesque before, but has never grinned through a horse-collar, like a clown at a country fair. I defy anyone to read through the libretto of Mr. Gilbert's "Princess" and fail to be convinced of its merits. The story of the poem is so cleverly preserved that those who do not know it will find an interesting play. Not a point is vulgarised, and the most fastidious admirers of the Laureate cannot join in the cry of those critics who pronounce it heresy to touch "The Princess." I should have been the first to cry out if Mr. Gilbert had written anything to shock Mr. Tennyson; but I honestly believe Mr. Tennyson would be the first to acknowledge the cleverness of Mr. Gilbert's work. There are puns, but only good ones; there are satires, and trenchant indeed they are; and there are lines scattered all over the book which I should dearly like to quote. But the book must be bought and read. Miss Mattie Reinhardt is the very lady to play Princess Ida. She is tall and stately, and delivers her lines with rare elocutionary force. The principal speech of the play falls to her lot; and that once spoken well, the success of the whole thing was secured. Equally clever, and a capital performance throughout, was Miss Fanny Addison's Lady Psyche; but I implore Miss Addison to get a new wig. The contrast between Nature's hair and the hair of the hairdresser's shop was frightful. Mrs. Liston, to whose ingenuity, I am told, all the stage arrangements are due, made a welcome reappearance as Prince Hilarion; Miss Augusta Thomson (with recollections of her Ching-Chow-Hi success, years ago, at the Gallery of Illustration) made a merry Cyril; while Mr. David Fisher and Mrs. Poynter spoke like practised and intelligent artists. I think, however, the "Largo al Factotum" song a mistake; and as to the other gentlemen, they did not make a good "out of it" on the first night. It makes me cross to hear good lines so mercilessly murdered. I must not pass over pretty Melissa, charmingly played by Miss Patti Josephs; or neglect to tell that exquisite scenery has been painted by Mr. Johnson, who sternly refused to rush on in answer to an ill-advised shout in the middle of the play, and consequently received an ovation at the end.

I wonder that Mr. Wybert Reeve does not know by this time that the stage servant is getting a nuisance. The new comedy at the CHARING-CROSS is an improvement on the author's last attempt, and is, in parts, brightly and nicely written. But, with such a plot and such servants, the best play in the world would have been spoiled. It is the old business, of course. The gardener is in love with the lady's maid, and is jealous of the attentions of a London tiger. Then the gardener turns footman and wears a cabman's coat as a uniform, merely to make the gallery laugh; for it is preposterous to imagine that an ex-captain of dragoons would not be over-particular about dressing his servants. The play seems written up for these wretched servants—the gar-

dener continually calling the tiger a "jack-a-dandy," the tiger perpetually squaring up to the gardener (in the drawing-room, remember, where the servants are in the habit of carrying on the most animated conversation), and the lady's maid eternally blowing kisses to the rival suitors. Mr. Wybert Reeve knows better than this. Construction is an art which should not altogether be neglected by the dramatist, and in a modern comedy it is as well that the ordinary usages of society should not be utterly despised. The author is a fair actor, but has an unfortunate mannerism in his delivery which becomes very prominent in a small theatre. I was much surprised and delighted to find Miss Fowler really taking pains and entering heart and soul into the author's meaning. She played an important character-part with finish and good sense. Mr. Brinsley Sheridan is the gardener, and is too tall, too strong, and too loud for this theatre. Critics say his style is like that of Mr. Lionel Brough. I don't think so. He reminded me more of Mr. Parselle—particularly in voice. Mr. Robson played the tiger pointedly and neatly. Light comedy and extravaganza seem destined to flourish at this theatre. Mr. Wybert Reeve will improve, but Mr. Arthur O'Neil never will. All the pieces are prettily mounted, and it is a pity that better stuff to mount is not forthcoming.

I alluded last week to the production of "Lady Elizabeth" at the QUEEN'S. I hear that the play is taken from a German work, and that Mr. Herman Vezin suggested it to Mr. Tom Taylor. I am surprised, therefore, that Mr. Herman Vezin, who was engaged at the Queen's, is not to act in the new play which he once fancied.

To-night Mr. Robertson's "Nightingale" is produced at the ADELPHI.

"Dick Whittington and his Wonderful Cat; and the Butterflies' Ball and Grasshoppers' Feast, and the Troublesome Rats of Morocco," is the unepicurean title of the CRYSTAL PALACE pantomime, which I have only this week had time to see. As a spectacle the piece is infinitely superior to its predecessors; but as a literary production it is utterly inferior, for the lines are often irregular in length, the puns are poor, and the limited nature of Mr. Harry Lemon's rhyming powers is evidenced in the following clumsy couplets:—

"Ah! cookey darling, little you expected
That I should come home thus, so unexpected."
"Hullo! the Guv'nor—think of his returning!
If recognised I'll catch it in the morning."

Miss Caroline Parkes has frequent opportunities of exhibiting her terpsichorean accomplishments as the persecuted Dick; and Miss Annie Thirwall, as the self-sacrificing Alice, continually charms the ear by her brilliant vocalisation. Tommy Snail is humorously rendered by Mr. T. H. Friend; and Mr. J. Russell is subjected to innumerable buffettings, as the corpulent Fitzwarren. The "sets" are generally effective, though the transformation scene is somewhat massive. Mr. Fred Evans is a funny clown; I am unable to say the same of Mr. Dolph Rowella.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

Of the members of the new Ministry in France we have already published such particulars as are of interest; and we now present them in a body to our readers. The Chambers re-assembled on Tuesday, and in the Corps Legislatif the most intense interest was felt to hear the Ministerial programme, which it was understood M. Ollivier would enunciate. President Schneider was in the chair. As soon as the minutes of the last sitting were read, M. Ollivier rose and spoke to the following effect:—

"The new Cabinet, formed since the adjournment, feels it to be its first duty to put itself in direct and immediate communication with you. No long speech is necessary, for you all know our doctrines, principles, opinions, and wishes. We shall gradually and steadily, as the interpellations made to us, and the bills which we intend to present, come on for discussion, take our due part in every debate. For the present, we may say that in office we are what we were out of it. We shall practise now what we before preached. We shall not disregard experience, and we shall resolutely and perseveringly seek to realise the common programme which united us and is the very reason of our being. To this end our first need was the confidence of the Sovereign. That was given us with a magnanimity of soul which will raise him high in the memory of men. Your confidence must be added to that of the Sovereign. We ask it of you—we ask it of you all: from the majority, which will honour us with its support; and from the Opposition, from which we must expect criticism. The majority will help us, the Opposition will restrain us within bounds; and whenever the Opposition in this Chamber becomes a majority we shall resign our responsible task. We now make an appeal to conciliatory feelings. Our endeavour will be to establish a current of loyalty which will do away with recriminations, hatreds, and bad passions; and we shall strive to realise the general wish—the foundation of a National Government, adapting itself with firmness and elasticity to the transformation of things, the movement of ideas, and the perpetual ascension of future generations towards progress."

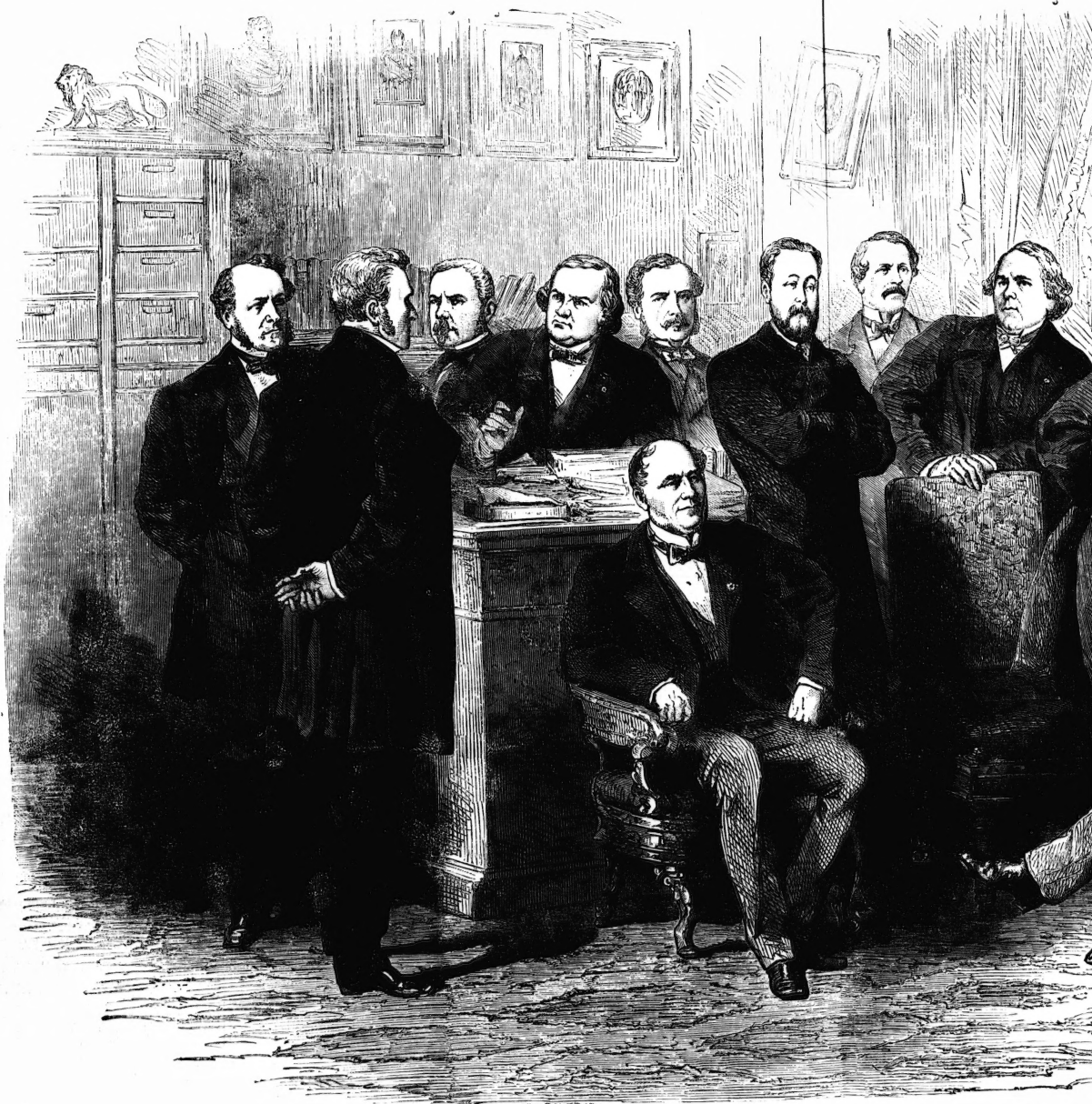
All this is satisfactory enough as far as it goes, but there is not much of a positive character in it. The expected announcement of a reduction in the army shines by its absence. Let us hope that it is reserved for another day. A clerical journal boasts that an obscure deputy, Count de Boigne, who sits for a circumscription of Savoy, has a whip hand over M. Ollivier in Church matters. It is asserted that so long ago as Dec. 3, at a meeting of the Right Centre, Count de Boigne refused to sign the programme unless M. Ollivier would make a satisfactory declaration of his intentions concerning Rome, and that therefore M. Ollivier declared: 1, That he would take the Convention of Sept. 15 as the basis of his policy; 2, that the French troops should remain in Rome so long as Italy failed to prove that she could and would carry out the Convention; 3, that the troops should never be recalled without the consent of the Chamber being asked; and, 4, that no negotiations whatever with Italy should be carried on so long as the Oecumenical Council was sitting.

THREE SERMONS were preached at St. Pancras parish church on Sunday, on behalf of the St. Pancras Ragged Schools—those in the morning and evening by the Rev. A. W. Thorold, M.A., Vicar; and that in the afternoon by the Rev. Weldon Champneys, M.A. There was a good attendance at each service, and liberal collections were made.

BESSEMER'S PATENT AND RAILWAYS.—It is expected that the approaching expiration of Mr. Bessemer's patent for converting pig iron into malleable iron, and that again into steel, without any additional consumption of fuel, will tend in a considerable degree to the future safety of railway passengers. The patent will come to an end in February, and as a result it is expected that steel rails, which have hitherto been almost too expensive to be used, will fall to a price very little above that of the best iron. The projectors of new street tramways now will, no doubt, avail themselves of this material.

THE LATE GALES.—The gales of last Saturday wrought a large amount of damage both in London and the suburbs, and it is feared that several lives have been lost. The Crystal Palace, as on former occasions, escaped with comparatively little injury; but the Rosery was less fortunate, and was partially unroofed. Intelligence from the south-west coast describes the storm as one of great violence: much damage to shipping has been done, and many lives lost. The Cossipore, of Liverpool, foundered at Cape Cornwall—nineteen of the crew being drowned, including Captain White. The remaining nine of the crew left in a boat, and were picked up by the steamer Navarre, on Monday, and taken to Falmouth. The King Lear, of London, from Cardiff, with coals for Hong-Kong, foundered in the Channel, and thirty-five persons went down with her.

THE SALMON-SPAWNING SEASON.—The salmon-spawning season is now rapidly drawing to a close on all the rivers of Perthshire. The extraordinary and unprecedented run of salmon at the end of September and beginning of October stocked the Tay, Earn, Almond, and other streams with breeding fish to such an extent that the present spawning season will be, if no casualties occur, the most productive on record. The floods of last week cleared the various rivers to a great extent of the early-spawned salmon; but in numerous instances fish may still be seen on the rodds. During the last two months poaching has been prosecuted in various ways to a large extent in all districts of the county; but it was on the smaller streams that the wholesale slaughter of fish took place when the larger rivers were swollen.



M. BUFFET.

M. DE FARIEU.

ADMIRAL RIGAUD DE GENOUILLY.
M. NAPOLEON DABRY.M. LOUÏET.
M. DE TALBORET.

M. MAURICE RICHARD. M. CHEVANDIER DE VALDROME.

M. REGNIER.

A MEETING OF THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.



DE GENOUILLY. M. LOUVET.
M. DE TALBOUR.

M. MAURICE RICHARD. M. CHEVANDIER DE VALDRONE.

M. SEURIS.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER.

GENERAL LEBEUF.

A MEETING OF THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

Mr. BRIGHT addressed his constituents at Birmingham on Tuesday evening, and was received in the most enthusiastic manner. The right hon. gentleman, after a brief allusion to the passing of the Irish Church Act of last Session, spoke at length upon

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

But there may be, and there seems to be, a general opinion that there is another grievance, an Irish grievance, but not a Catholic grievance, which affects the North the same as the South—a cry from the whole of Ireland that the Government and the Parliament should do something to place the social condition of the country in a more satisfactory state than it has hitherto been. Now, this land question is a very awkward question. I have often travelled along a road and seen a hill a mile off that looked very steep, and I wished I was on the other side of it; but on coming to the foot of the hill the slope appeared much more gradual, and I got over it without the difficulty I had anticipated. The Irish land question is not at all that sort of question. It has looked to me a difficult question for twenty years; for during all that time I have had it before me, and I have considered it, and I am, I will say, if you like, modest enough to confess that when I get nearer the question, and endeavour to discover how it is to be dealt with, it appears to me steeper and more difficult than it ever did before. What are the circumstances of Ireland, as they may be stated in a sentence or two? The land of that great island is in the hands, as you know, of very few proprietors. I suppose half the actual population of Ireland are cultivators of the soil; and they are not only cultivators of the soil, but, unfortunately, they are what are called tenants at will. The owners for generations past, by their own admission, with sundry exceptions which need not be mentioned—but speaking generally, I say the owners have done nothing for the cultivation of the soil. They have let the land at a given rent, and twice a year, at least, they have received the rent, and that has been the chief part of the duty which the landowners of Ireland have performed as regards their land. On the other hand, the tenants have done very little, compared with what might have been done, though quite as much as could be expected from people who had no security for anything they might do. Thus, the industry, the fortune, the home, the life itself of the cultivating population have been at the mercy of the owner of the land and of his agent, who had the management of his property. In Ireland, as I daresay most of you know, land is not only the great industry, but, with some exceptions in the north of Ireland, it is almost the only industry of the country; and there has been an excessive competition for it, and the struggle for life and the means of living has placed the occupier almost at the mercy of the proprietor of the soil. Thus we have gone on, through suspicion, and hatred, and wrong; and a social war has been waged, in some parts, of the bitterest and most painful character, and at last Parliament is called in, not merely to give any kind of right or justice to the tenants themselves but, it may be, to save the interests and the property of the proprietors of the land. I do not know myself whether, if I were an Irishman, I should be more anxious for legislation as a tenant than I should for legislation as a landlord. I think it absolutely necessary for the United Kingdom that we should, if possible, put an end to the reign of discord in Ireland and take away from us the disgrace of maintaining order by an armed force of police and military, I suppose, seldom falling lower than 30,000 men. I consider this Irish land question one of the greatest and most difficult that ever was considered by an administrator, or that ever was submitted to a Parliament. My views upon it have been explained in this hall in past times; and it will not be necessary, nor would it be right, for me to go into any detail with regard to it, when probably before the end of next month whatever propositions the Government will submit to the House of Commons will be fully and fairly explained to all the people of the three kingdoms. But, if I might say a word to people who are apt to criticise very much everything which a Government does—I don't ask them to approve beforehand—but I ask them merely to give to the propositions, whatever they may be, that same solemn and conscientious consideration which I believe these propositions have received, and will receive, from the members of the Government. This is not a question for party. I have no objection to as much party as you like when the time is fitting for it; but, under the present condition of Ireland, I should say that a party fight was an unpatriotic fight. I say that it is not a question for class and party contest—it is a question for conscientious patriotism, and every man should consider it as though the prosperity, the peace, and the unity of the empire depended upon its wise solution. The Irish difficulty, to me, was one of that complicated and gigantic character that it could never be dealt with by a class; it seemed to me to demand the will, and the sense of justice, and the power which dwell only in a nation, for properly disposing of it. And now, when to a large extent the nation is called in, when every household in every borough has a vote for his representative in Parliament, I feel—it may be that I am over-sanguine—that great results are to follow from our legislation in regard to this great question. The Imperial Parliament can do just as much by way of legislation for Ireland, with its hundred Irish members, as an independent Irish Monarchy or an Irish Republic could do, or as could be done for Ireland if Ireland were one of the States of the great Confederation of the West. In conjunction with our representatives, we have already given to Ireland free churches and free schools, and I hope before long that we shall give them free land and a free vote. Ireland, as you well know, is not the most wealthy island in the world; but we can buy from her all she wishes to sell at a higher price than any other nation can give, and we can sell to her all she wishes to buy at a lower price than any other nation. We may fail, but I hope not. Good efforts and honest efforts often succeed. We propose, then, a new conquest of Ireland, without confiscation and without blood, with only the holy weapon of a frank and a generous justice which is everywhere potent to bring together nations which have been long separated by oppression and neglect. Now, from this new policy we hope for great changes in Ireland; not that Ireland is to be made a paradise, but that Ireland shall be greatly improved.

THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

But there are other questions, and two of them I will touch upon as briefly as I can. The one is that upon which, or in connection with which, Birmingham has very recently taken its right position and done itself so much honour—I mean the question of public education. I am sure there must be many here who will remember one of the arguments or promises that I made use of years ago in advocating a wide extension of the franchise. I have said over and over again, hundreds and hundreds of times in private, and many times in public, that I thought three years would not elapse after the election of a household-suffrage Parliament before we had a great and general measure of national education. One thing that is most gratifying now is this, that there seems to be a general tendency to some arrangement which perhaps no party will consider unsatisfactory. We are agreed upon this—whether the speaker or the writer belongs to one section or the other—we are all agreed upon this, that there must be some means of instruction offered to all the children of the people. We are not unanimous upon the manner; but the discussion which is going on, in my opinion, is producing that kind of unanimity out of which it is possible to propose and carry this measure, whether the school shall be free or whether there shall be any compulsion, and, if so, whether it shall be of this kind or of that. One thing gratifies me exceedingly—I think the religious difficulty is diminishing in magnitude. Now nobody proposes that you shall insist upon teaching everybody articles, and dogmas, and creeds, and the peculiarities of any particular sect or church; and when I consider, with regard to the boys and girls of the middle class who go to day-schools, that it is never taken thought of whether they are to be taught religion in their schools, I confess I cannot understand the extraordinary anxiety which is felt that the working people alone shall have their children taught religion in the schools. It has always appeared to me that one day in seven

is a reasonable time to give to religious teaching, when the family can do it, as well as the minister and the religious associations of the place of worship, and that that organisation is sufficient for teaching religion in the sense which is meant by those who say that education is of no value unless it be taught alongside, and mixed up with, distinct religious teaching. What I think may be taught of it in every school to every child is this—love of truth, love of virtue, the love of God, and the fear of offending him; and I think that every right-minded and every rightly-appointed teacher in every school in England will undertake, so far as is in his power, to teach that to all the children under his care. The fact is that the denominational system was just one of those arrangements made because something must necessarily be done, and it was very difficult to do it otherwise. But it is obvious that with the denominational system all the Government money nearly goes necessarily to the Established Church, because the Nonconformist Churches are not one Church, but several Churches, and they are not united, and probably never can unite, to form a great body for educational purposes. Therefore, if you give one million of money from the State for the purpose of education, the great bulk of it must go to that one half of the population which is a powerful and united body. The other half, which, although powerful, is altogether disunited, will find itself in the position of getting almost nothing. But there is another difficulty which those gentlemen who are fond of the denominational system appear to me to overlook. It is this, that one third of the people do not belong to any denomination whatever. I am persuaded that as this question is discussed, and as there comes up from all the people a cry to the more educated and wealthy classes and to Parliament, this religious question will gradually become smaller and smaller, until at last we shall be able to offer, I believe, to all the children of the country a sound elementary education which will enable them to have feelings of self-respect, and, I believe, will open up to them a much better prospect in life than they can possibly have without education. The revolution which will arise in the condition of the people from that improvement is one of certain, although it may be of slow, growth; but I see now, as it were with the eye of faith, the great change which it will make in this country, the prodigious advantage which it will give to the millions who heretofore have been living in ignorance, unable, as it were, to struggle upwards to the light from the dark and miserable condition in which so many of them have lived.

THE RECIPROCITY MOVEMENT.

Alongside of the question of education there has been another question which has been, I must say, although an important one, very feebly discussed by those who have introduced it to the public. I mean the question of the commercial treaty with France. Bear in mind that all persons who call in question the advantages of the treaty with France call in question, although they may not suspect it, the question of the freedom of trade. That question was discussed from the year 1838 to the year 1850—for twelve years almost incessantly. Many persons now in this room who were too young to understand these discussions or take any part in them, do not know how entirely by the judgment of the whole people the question was settled at the end of that long debate; but there is a sort of soil which grows weeds, and ignorance, and selfishness wherever they exist—a soil which is particularly favourable to the Protection weed. But then these gentlemen say that they are not discussing the question of protection; they are merely discussing the question of reciprocity. Well, protection has an ill name; there is a bad smell about it altogether. It was long believed to have something to do with somebody robbing somebody else, and therefore they got rid of the name "Protection," and adopted the name "Reciprocity." Our Conservative friends, as you all know, have changed their name several times; and one always suspects a man who lives in Birmingham under one name, and has another when he goes to Manchester, and a third when you find him in Leeds. France is a great country, as you know, lying so near that I believe you can see it from the shores of England. It has a very industrious and a very ingenious people. Our trade with France during the last ten years, from the framing or negotiating of the treaty in 1860, has more than doubled; it has increased more than our trade with France in the previous hundred years. Well, what does that mean? It means this, that a good many people in England have sold a great many things to the people of France, and that the people of France have bought a great many things from the people of England. Now, if you find a man in England that has sold something to France and bought something that he wanted from France, he will tell you, so far as he is concerned, that the treaty is a very good thing indeed. If that be so, and if this buying and selling extends to many millions, who shall say I have not the right to buy and you have not the right to sell? What is it that you in Birmingham live upon? I ask the working men of this town what they live upon. You don't live upon metals. You work in metals, in all kinds of metals, with an industry and skill hardly equalled on the face of the globe. But what do you do when you have done your work in metals? You sell the produce of your labour and buy something which you can wear or eat. Why should you not sell what you make to the Frenchman? He, perhaps, wants something which nobody else wants; he will, perhaps, give you more than anyone else. Why should you stand between the skilful British artisan and other persons, and say you may work, but should not deal with a customer twenty or thirty miles away. The reciprocity man says, "You should deal with the Frenchman only as he shall deal with you." Unfortunately, we have only the making of our own tariffs. We cannot change others except by negotiations like that of 1860. Having got France to make a large step in the progress of free trade, these people turned round and abused the Frenchman because he has not done so much as we have done, and say we shall not deal with him unless he will adopt free-trade principles to the extent of which we have carried them in this country. What would he do with the United States, which puts on a duty at least three times as heavy on our goods as France does? The firm with which I am connected sends goods to America which pay a duty of 75 per cent—that is to say, every £100 worth of goods leaving Liverpool pays on arriving at New York 75 per cent before it can go into the city to be sold. Well, the American people will put all that right by-and-by. They are going through the process of instruction such as we went through thirty years ago, and they will put it right by-and-by. But is it proposed to put a tax upon American cotton and American corn because the Americans put a heavy tax upon our goods? Why, the thing is monstrous. It is only to make one evil double and to make a trade which you carry on under certain difficulties a trade which shall be absolutely impossible. There is no doubt that French duties are higher than ours. But look what happened before the French treaty. For twenty years before that we were gradually reducing our duties. We did not ask anybody to negotiate. We thought they would follow our example; but during those twenty years they did not follow our example. But what has happened since 1860, since that treaty was negotiated? I believe there is not a country in Europe that has not reduced, in some manner or other, its tariff and made some approaches—in some cases small, in others greater—towards free trade, either in their tariff or their navigation laws; and therefore the result of the treaty has been of great importance all over Europe, and of the greatest importance to both England and France. If ever you meet with a gentleman who talks to you about this reciprocity, ask him what he wants to put duties upon, because that is the question. Does he want to tax your bread, or your cotton, or your wool? What is it he wants to tax? He cannot give anybody what he calls protection without taxing somebody else; and when there are two persons to it I think at least we should have as much regard to the person who is going to be taxed as the person who is going to profit by his taxation. Then, you know perfectly well that when my lamented friend Mr. Cobden negotiated that treaty he had more than one object in view. He not only wanted to create a greater demand for the industry of his countrymen and to extend our manufactures and our commerce,

but he wanted also to make provision for future peace between the great nations of France and England. There is not a man in this great assembly in England who will deny this: that from 1860 to 1870—the ten years during which this treaty has been enforced—there has grown up between France and England a sentiment of friendship, a disposition of peace, and an absence of suspicion and angry feeling such as we have never seen before. The great negotiator of that treaty was not only the friend of his countrymen, but the friend of all mankind. He wanted every man to be honestly employed, and honestly paid, and to live in comfort in his own country; and he wanted further, in order to carry out one of the great objects of his life, to show that which I believe to be absolutely true, that every step you make in the freedom of trade is a step in favour of a universal bond of peace.

THE BALLOT.

You have now got votes—votes are power. I hope, judging from the proceedings of the Committee of last Session, and judging from the temper of Parliament, that before there is a general election, not you only but every voter in every part of the United Kingdom will have the shelter of the ballot. You will have it—whether it be this Session or whether it be next Session it is not in my power to tell. Mr. Radford said if the Government had any leisure on their hands they could do two or three other things. But bear in mind that it is not easy to drive six omnibuses abreast through Temple-bar. And therefore I cannot tell whether during this Session there will be passed or even offered to Parliament a measure of education such as you or I, or any of us, would hope for. But that it will come soon is certain and inevitable. That is worth your keeping your eye upon.

RETRENCHMENT AND "A FREE BREAKFAST-TABLE."

Then there is the question of diminished national expenditure. You know that last year there was a considerable reduction of expenditure. We believe and hope that there may be a reduction this year, and if you only keep your eye upon it, and tell your members, and Parliament, and the Government what you think upon it, it is quite within the bounds of probability that you may have a gradual reduction for several years. Government cannot strike off millions in a year, because you know that, however wasteful may have been the past proceedings of past Governments, it would create inconvenience and great suffering in many quarters—it might be even a great loss in some—if any sudden change of that kind took place. But you may rely, I believe, on the honesty of the Government in this matter. Always bear in mind that every Government, however honest and however well disposed, is more capable of doing what is right when they have the opinion of the people thoroughly supporting them. A friend near me speaks of the free breakfast-table. That is Mr. Baldwin's hobby. I can only compliment him upon it, because it is mine also. Well, the free breakfast-table is by no means an impossible thing. I have not been in the habit of recommending or proposing things that are impossible. If we could get rid of the taxes upon the articles which come to our breakfast-tables, we should have a free country as far as our ports and customs duties go. With the exception of things which many people think not necessary but injurious, such as beer, spirits, wines, and tobacco, what a magnificent thing it would be for every Englishman, in whatever he traded, to say to all the world—"Send everything which all mankind agree to be useful and beneficial to the human race; send them to any port in England, and they will be received there without payment of a farthing of duty!" I am speaking now, bear in mind, as your representative. I am not speaking in any other capacity. I am making no promises. I am telling you what I believe to be possible, and what the people of England will get if they will examine it, comprehend it, and make up their minds in its favour, and let Parliament and the Government know what it is they are thinking about.

FREE LAND.

There is another question which working men should bear in mind, and to which Mr. Radford also alluded—the question of free land in this country. That question is coming on, and is inevitable. Within ten years—probably within five—it will be the great question for discussion at all public political meetings. I believe that an alteration of the land laws of England—such as might be made without lessening by sixpence the value of any man's property—would do much to arrest that tide of pauperism which is constantly flowing from the agricultural counties into our great centres of industry. But when I have mentioned all these things I am obliged to confess that they are not all; that something more is wanted, although the law will not effect it, and although its foundation lies beyond the bounds of the law. It is a fact which every man should consider, and I have considered it often and often with great solemnity, and even with much pain, during the thirty years that I have been in the habit of discussing public questions. It is a fact that no Government, that no administration, that no laws, that no amount of industry or of commerce, that no extent of freedom can give prosperity and solid comfort to the homes of the people unless there be in those homes economy, temperance, and the practice of virtue. This which I am preaching is needful for all. But it is especially needful for those whose possessions are the least abundant and the least secure. If we could subtract from the ignorance, the poverty, the suffering, the sickness, and the crime, which are now witnessed among us; the ignorance, the poverty, the suffering, the sickness, and the crime which are caused by one single, but most prevalent, bad habit or vice—the drinking needlessly of that which destroys body and mind, and home and family;—do we not all feel that this country would be so changed, and so changed for the better, that it would be almost impossible for us to know it again? Let me, then, in conclusion, say what is upon my heart to say, what I know to be true, what I have felt every hour of my life when I have been discussing great questions affecting the condition of the working classes;—let me say this to all people, that it is by the combination of a wise Government and a virtuous people, and not otherwise, that we may hope to make some step towards that blessed time when there shall be no longer complaining in our streets, when our garners shall be full, affording all manner of store.

The right hon. gentleman resumed his seat amid loud and protracted cheering. Mr. Dixon and Mr. Muntz having addressed the meeting, a vote of confidence in the borough members was unanimously agreed to, and acknowledged by Mr. Bright.

A CONSIDERABLE NUMBER OF ROMAN CATHOLICS in Eastern Prussia have sent to Bishop Krenns, now at Rome, a letter in which they urge him to vote against the infallibility of the Pope.

A "FREE FIGHT" IN AN AMERICAN RAILWAY TRAIN.—A journey on the Chicago and St. Louis railroad seems to offer as good opportunities for excitement as some of our own lines, though of a different nature. Travellers in this country enjoy all the pleasing suspense to be derived from the knowledge that the train in which they are conveyed is being chased along the line by another train, and that if caught up they will probably be smashed by the collision; on the Chicago and St. Louis line, in addition to this attraction, the passengers are occasionally favoured with a "free fight." The Springfield Register of the 22nd ult. gives an interesting account of one of these episodes of American railway travelling. Five Irishmen, having entered the train and paid their fare to Auburn, insisted, when they arrived at that station, on proceeding to Chatham without further payment. Having assailed the conductor of the train with brutal imprecations when he uttered a mild remonstrance at their proposal, they were allowed to remain quietly in the smoking-car while he proceeded to collect the tickets from the other passengers. They were not, however, satisfied with this gentle treatment, and followed the official with the intention of beating him, but were diverted from their purpose by the sight of the ladies' car, which they forthwith attempted to enter, and on being opposed by a brakeman, knocked him down senseless. One of them succeeded in getting into the car, where, after a fearful struggle with the conductor and some gentlemen in the train, he was at last overpowered. In the mean time an active battle was raging in the cars which the other Irishmen had attacked, the passengers were assaulted, and the windows broken by showers of stones and billets of wood. After an encounter which lasted twenty minutes, during which time, it is stated, some of the passengers, including several ladies and children, were severely hurt, the rioters were beaten off, and the train proceeded on its journey.

MUSIC.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY'S concert in St. James's Hall, yesterday week, had more than ordinary interest. In the first place, it was the beginning of the end of a long and pleasant acquaintance between artist and public. Madame Sainton has made up her mind to abandon the prominent duties of her profession, and the concert now under notice was one of the only two which she will give before the final leaving, in June. When June comes, there will be much to say about a lady who for many years has held a high place in general estimation, and who, in all respects excellent, has been in some without a rival. But enough for the present if we speak briefly of her concert—one worthy to be noticed for its own merit. The programme comprised vocal and instrumental solos, as well as choral music; so that there was no ple variety. Madame Sainton gave, with all the expressive power which belongs to her, Haydn's "Spirit Song," Purcell's "Full Fathom Five" (encored), "Kate's Letter," and "The Bay of Dublin." Few who listened to these songs could have failed to regret that the singer was about to retire into private life. Such an artist does not come every day. The other vocalists were Madame Rita (encored in "Cease your fanning"), Miss Angèle, Mr. Cummings (encored in Madame Sainton's "Bridal Song"), Mr. Byron, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. A great feature of the concert was the "Kreutzer" sonata, played by M. Sainton and Miss Agnes Zimmermann. The names of these artists guarantee excellence, and we need not enlarge upon the performance. As solos, M. Sainton played Wallace's fantasia on "The Last Rose of Summer," and Miss Zimmermann, Benedict's "Where the bee sucks." The choral music, entrusted to Mr. J. Barnby's choir, gratified the audience very much, because, for the most part, excellently sung. Madame Sainton's second concert was to take place, in St. James's Hall, last night.

On Saturday last Mr. George Wood began a series of orchestral and vocal concerts in Exeter Hall. Mr. Wood is making a spirited attempt to do for London proper what the Crystal Palace managers have done for their far-off suburb—establish and popularise orchestral music on the day of the week when popular audiences have most leisure. We wish every success to the scheme, because the absence of such entertainments has long been a shame. That the public can enjoy symphonies and concertos few will venture to doubt; yet hitherto nobody has been bold enough to cater for the taste. Now that Mr. Wood is prepared to supply a good thing at cheap prices, it becomes the duty of all to assist him who wish well to art. The first concert was a capital, if not quite perfect, beginning. We think Mr. Wood made a mistake when he introduced dance music into his programme. A mixture of symphony and waltz was not likely to please anybody. Happily, the director discovered his error very quickly; and in the programme of to-night there is nothing open to objection. The works played by an efficient orchestra, under Mr. Henry Leslie's direction, were Haydn's symphony in G (letter Q), Mendelssohn's concerto in D minor (piano), Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and the overture to "Oberon;" all which are too familiar for comment. The songs were given by Madame Sinico, Signor Foli, and Mr. Santley. Each artist gained an encore—Madame Sinico, in Smart's song, "The birds are telling one another;" Signor Foli, in Reylo's song, "Over the rolling sea;" and Mr. Santley, in "Oh! ruddier than the cherry."

The Monday Popular Concerts were resumed, on Monday, in St. James's Hall, with an attractive programme and an enormous audience. There were several interesting features in the proceedings. Herr Straus appeared as leader of the quartet and Mr. Santley as v. calist, both for the first time this season. It is needless to say that both were well received. Another point of attraction was the playing, by Madame Arabella Goldard, of the fantasia by W. Frictemann Bach, which she first introduced to public notice at her recitals last summer. The composition is of remarkable beauty, and, moreover, makes a curious revelation of the genius possessed by a composer of whom only musical students know more than the name. We understand that Madame Goldard is in possession of other works by the same hand, which are still in M.S. If so, their production will be anticipated with interest. Here let us say, *en passant*, that the fantasia is published by Duncan Davison and Co., as one of a series of "Revels," edited by Mr. J. W. Davison, than whom, we hardly need observe, no one is better fitted for the task. Madame Goldard played magnificently, not a note being out of place, and not a note, when in place, being other than what it should be. The performance was a perfect thing; and the audience, recognising it as such, were liberal in their acknowledgments. The other items of the programme need only a bare mention—Beethoven's quartet in F (op. 18), the same composer's septet, Mendelssohn's sonata for piano and violoncello, a song by Scarlatti, and two by Schubert.

On Wednesday the National Choral Society gave a performance of "Elijah," in Exeter Hall, conducted by Mr. G. W. Martin, and with Mme. Rudersdorf, Miss Palmer, Mr. Perren, and Mr. Benwick as principals. We were sorry to observe a falling off in the number of the chorus, the orchestra presenting many empty benches. Let us hope that the occurrence was accidental. Mr. Martin has had a long and gallant fight under adverse circumstances, and against formidable rivals, so that he deserves success. Anyhow, he ought not to be abandoned by his followers. There is little to say regarding the performance. The orchestra was more efficient than usual, the soloists sang their best, and the chorus could hardly do other than well with music so familiar. The audience was large, but not crowded.

On Wednesday evening, also, Mr. Boosey gave the second of his London Ballad Concerts, the artists engaged being those who appeared at the first.

For Friday evening, the Sacred Harmonic Society announced a performance of "The Creation;" and to-day the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts recommence.

EXTREME RITUALISM.—Father O'Neill, one of the London preachers during the Twelve Days' Mission, delivered a sermon in the new Church of St. Barnabas, Oxford, on St. Stephen's Day, in which he warmly advocated the Romish doctrine of the invocation and intercession of saints. After quoting and detailing several miracles worked by the body of St. Stephen, about 400 A.D., he begged the congregation to pray to the saints, and they would pray to God for them; for, said the reverend father, the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much; and he finally concluded by lamenting the loss of the shrines and relics of the saints which once existed in England, but which were swept away at the Reformation. In the middle of his discourse the preacher clasped his hands together, and, raising his eyes to Heaven, invoked St. Paul, calling upon him to intercede for him if he said anything amiss, and to give him power to express himself with readiness and fervour. St. Barnabas Church, in which the reverend gentleman officiated, was consecrated by the present Bishop of Winchester so recently as October 1st, and it has already far outstripped in its extreme Ritualist services the most advanced of the churches served by the High Church party in Oxford.

BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT.—The literature of this branch of temperance effort has just received important additions by the publication of two prize tales, by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. They are entitled "Frank Oldfield; or, Lost and Found," by the Rev. T. P. Wilson, Rector of Smethcote; and "Tim Maloney," by Miss M. A. Paul, Plymouth. One hundred pounds was awarded by the adjudicators to the writer of the first, and fifty pounds to the writer of the second tale. Both volumes are beautifully bound, illustrated by full page engravings, and have ornamental headings to chapters, thus making them admirable gift-books. Messrs. Nelson and Co. are the publishers, and have produced the volumes in first-class style. An impetus has been given to the movement in London by a grand bazaar held by the Union in the Agricultural Hall, which was attended by 20,000 persons, and which considerably augmented its funds. The question of juvenile temperance societies, or, as they are commonly termed, Bands of Hope, acquires increasing interest from the fact that smoking and drinking seem to have great attractions for the younger part of the population, and in some large towns are demoralising immense numbers of young people. Recently, a boy sixteen years of age, and a girl of similar juvenility, were respectively charged for the first time before a police magistrate with drunkenness, and such examples of youthful depravity are not uncommon. Bands of Hope, therefore, appear to be a necessity; and we understand there are not less than thirty now connected with the ragged schools of London; and that about 3000 of the children have joined them by signing the pledge. —Communicated.

Literature.

The Hôtel du Petit St. Jean. A Gascon Story. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

The Hôtel du Petit St. Jean is a welcome addition to the excellent series of one-volume novels published by Messrs. Smith and Elder. The writer's name is not given, and we fear to do more than guess at the author's country. The story is, somehow, English; but yet it is very French, and that French is of an uncommon kind. The scene is laid almost entirely in Gascony, but the characters have none of that "gasconade" familiar to all devourers of anecdote in such things as a newspaper, or the "Spirit of Wit." Indeed, there is anything but fun in the book; but there is an interesting story, with a most complete startle to wind up with, and characters who fascinate the reader greatly. "Nogent is one of the fairest cities of Gascony, for it lies between the *côteaux* and the barge-laden river Garonne." Here are M. and Madame Nadard, of the Hôtel du Petit St. Jean, and their daughter Marie, who is wooed and won, with reluctant parental consent, by Léonce Duval, a young man of "prepossessing appearance," but of the most infinitesimal means in the world. The young people have to wait. Whilst they are waiting, and with far more than the average patience, a great man in the place, M. Camboul, is arrested on suspicion of murder and sentenced to hard labour for life. Here the reader must make up his mind for some mystery, which must be left to the course of events for solution. It is impossible to think M. Camboul guilty. We feel sure that he is a victim to the legal authorities of Nogent, with whom he is at variance, being a decided enemy to the government of the present Emperor (1862); and, moreover, the so-called murder looks ten thousand times more like suicide. But, "wait for the end." Léonce is, after all, a poor sort of a lover. His coldness induces Marie to dismiss him for ever, and he marries a pretty sort of a doll; but this is death to Marie, who really loves him; and she satisfies her loneliness in conventual life and the duties of an hospital nurse. Towards the close M. Camboul dies. The interested people know him to be innocent of the crime for which he has suffered, and it is also discovered that Léonce is his legitimate son. All his large property would therefore go to Léonce, but he dies, attended and forgiven by Marie; and the property passes, as the will really directed, to Lieutenant Hippolyte Landelle, an unhappy rejected suitor of Marie's. This Hippolyte is a gay and pleasant young French officer, who becomes sobered by a very dreadful calamity which has occurred in his family, and which he suddenly discovers. All this has much to do with the story, although we have made no mention of M. Hippolyte hitherto, and leave the calamity to the natural claims of curiosity on the part of the reader. The author of this graceful story says little or nothing of "what becomes" of most of his characters; but the three best of them are left happy in their own way. They are pleasant society during a day's reading; and the scenes wherein they live, and move, and have their being are described with a picturesque beauty and love which seems to bring them fairly within eyeshot of the study and the arm-chair—to say nothing of the drawing-room and that favourite corner of the settee by the fire. The language, however, employed by our Gascon friends is of the quaintest. The pure patois is amusing, certainly—"Mong Dion," for instance. But frequently it reads like translation, word for word. What is to be thought of M. Nadard asking Léonce, just after his rejection, "Of what is it, then, a question to-day?" To which Léonce can only reply that Maria "has made me scenes." There are comicities of this kind all through the book; but, translation or not, we recommend the "Hôtel" to every literary traveller.

Lady Betty. By CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE. With Original Illustrations. London: Frederick Warne and Co.

It is difficult to say whether "Lady Betty" is a novel or a story for young people. We are inclined to think the latter, for it does not contain sufficient stamina to gratify the exacting taste of the present day, whilst it is not strong enough in its character or philosophy for grown-up lovers of calmer literature. The story begins two years after "the '15," and ends two years after "the '45"; the leading idea of the plot being how Lady Betty Lefevre, aged sixteen, is deprived of her lover by her harsh father just as the marriage is on the point of taking place; and how, faithful to the last, she waits thirty years and marries Charles Courtenay after all. But Charles has married in the mean time, although, in a way, he has been just as faithful as she has been, and he has a daughter already married. But there is no incongruity apparent in these matters while the book is being read through. Of other marriages we need say nothing. The period selected for the story—that between the two Stuart rebellions—will, of course, suggest that the book is all about plotting, Jacobites and Royalists are all pretending to be what they are not; are all alike jealous of the Scotch and of the Spaniards, for the Spanish descent upon the Highlands is introduced, whilst differences of religion set the characters by the ears or the heart, as the case may be. The sketch of James Edward Stuart appears to us historically good; and all the virtuous indignation at the vices of the Court of the Regent Orleans must be approved. But it cannot be meant for real men and women. For the *dramatis personæ*, Lady Betty is a doll, all obedience and propriety—somewhat founded on "Clarissa Harlowe" in fact. Her elder sister, Dolly, intrigues against the King nicely, and does not believe there is a man good enough for her; but she makes a point of finding him at last. Charles Courtenay is like Pope's woman, with no character at all; but there is vitality in Giles Grantley, who dies on the Spanish side in the Highlands. His mixture of high principle and irresolution is a melancholy every-day affair, no doubt; but it is very interesting, seen through the events of a century and a half ago. The book will answer its purpose, and the illustrations are far prettier than those often found in Messrs. Warne's one-volume stories.

Wee Wifie: a Tale. By the Author of "Nellie's Memories." In 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

We cannot affirm that this tale is American as certainly as we can that it is bound in blue, but the symptoms are hot and strong. Floss, Fay, Nea, Fern, and Crystal—these names look very much as if they had come out of a story told in a Transatlantic newspaper or magazine. "Dear sakes alive!" the "tamarisk hedge;" peculiarities of spelling, and odd mistakes in the quotations, go for something in the evidence of American origin. So, too, does an indescribable but very recognisable peculiarity in the tone of sentiment which distinguishes the book. There is something—goodness knows what, but there it is—in the way in which wealth, and furniture, and rank, and "clerks" are referred to, which looks American. One of the quotations is very curious. It is from a poem by Mr. Gerald Massey about Florence Nightingale. On page 306 of vol. ii. it runs, in part, as follows:—

At midnight through that shadow-land,
Her living face doth gleam;
Her dying lips, her shadow, and
The dead smile in their dream.

The words we have put in italics are utter nonsense, and should read, "The dying kiss her shadow." Such an outrageous blunder could hardly have occurred if the proofs had been revised by the author. However, it is, of course, possible that the story was written in England and first printed in America; or it is possible, though unlikely, that the indications of American antecedents are misleading.

More important is the question of the quality of this little novel, apart from its origin. It contains some fairly good passages of description and reflection, and the story is, in all conscience, high-pitched enough. A young man, Hugh Redmond, is bound by his father's will not to marry a particular girl, one Margaret, and so he marries another girl, named Fay, who is the "wee wifie" of the story. Margaret becomes a Sister of Mercy, and, after a

time, Hugh and Fay shake down into what in novels of this kind is supposed to be married happiness. There are side-plots, if plots they can be called. Nea, a very rich man's daughter, marries her father's clerk, and she and her husband come to grief. Then there is Crystal, a very violent girl indeed, who, in a fit of passion, flings a phial of nitric acid at a lady who displeases her, and in doing so blinds the man Raby, whom she loves—a minister, who is always reading "his Hebrew manuscripts."

To return to the minor errors. On page 256 of vol. ii. we have "C. B. Browning" for "E. B. Browning." On page 196 we have—
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in
True mercy tell me so.

In a future edition it will be well to place the "but in" (beginning with a capital letter) at the commencement of the second line of the couplet. On page 197 we are informed that "Evelyn Selby" is "beautiful—yes, exceedingly so." Placed side by side with Fern Trafford, and deprived of all extraneous ornament of dress and fashion, even then, to a nice observer, the young patrician must have borne the palm. This, even as it stands, rather suggests a *pose plastique* as natural; but what follows is absolutely decisive:—"For, from the small, proud head to the shapely foot, there was no flaw or blemish in her; only wealth of colouring, delicacy of contour, and a grace that wore it all carelessly, like a cloak. Ah! well might many a one grudge Erle Huntingdon his prize!"

The Conservation of Pictures. By MANFRED HOLYOAKE, Member of the Associated Arts' Institute. London: Dalton and Lucy. Although this is a little book, it treats of a pretty large subject, and may perhaps breed considerable controversy amongst lovers and possessors of valuable works of art. It is considered by many an impossible thing to restore an old picture without destroying its really valuable characteristics. Mr. Holyoake avers that this is a prejudice generated by the blunders of ignorance, unskillfulness, and presumption. His reasons for so thinking—and these seem the result of much practical experience—are briefly set forth in the volume before us, and recommend themselves to the reader by a general air of temperate commonsense from beginning to end. In vindication of the conservator's art, Mr. Holyoake says:—

That pictures have been saved from the ordinary causes of destruction is beyond question. Where would now be the remaining pictures of the great masters, had it not been for the conservator's art? Almost every picture of repute has, at one time or other, undergone some operation of lining, transferring, parqueting, and other reparations. It is to those persons, in former years, who made the properties and repairment of pictures their study that the world owes the existence of its finest gems. Of instances of the truth of this, many examples came under the author's notice in the studio where he had the advantage of being instructed. Haecquin, a French professor of the art, gained deserved reputation in his time by the successful manner in which he reined decayed works and removed the rotten wood from panel pictures of Raphael and Titian and fixed them on canvases. The fact is that the great pictures of the world, regarded as its most valued possessions, would not now be in existence but for the skill and resources of the conservator. This is a great fact, standing in front of the whole question, and deciding it. There may always be difference of opinion as to the fitness of an operator, or as to the prospect of his skill being effective to save in extreme cases; but there never can be any question, with a mind historically informed, as to there being an art of conserving paintings, which can count its triumphs in every gallery in Europe.

Peter Parley's Annual. The Christmas and New Year's Present for Young People. London: Ben. George, Hatton-garden.

"Peter Parley's Annual for 1870" is the prince of annuals, beautiful without and graceful within. The stories are capital, and the ten coloured illustrations printed in oil are gorgeous to behold. If there be in Great Britain or Ireland a gentleman's house without "Peter Parley's Annual" let the head of the house look to it immediately for the sake of the children and the civilisation of this year of grace, 1870.

Beeton's Boy's Annual. Edited by S. O. BEETON. London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

The editor of "Beeton's Boy's Annual" evidently believes that the love of heroic adventure springs perennial in the youthful bosom in spite of the enervating influences of these latter days; and in this brave good, old-fashioned faith he gives young England a collection of stirring stories of "heady fights" on sea and land, ranging from Flodden Field to Balaclava. Nor is there wanting entertainment for boys of a quiet, contemplative nature, as witness the "Travels and Adventures of an Atom." Not the least notable amongst what may be termed the didactic articles is "A True Account of the Rascally Jack Sheppard," wherein that worthy is stripped of all stage romance and exhibited as a common low thief, an ungrateful blackguard, whose most daring act was to sneak into the house at midnight of the best friend he ever had in his life and steal his goods. Verily, boys, there are heroes and heroes!

The Resurrection. By SAMUEL COX. London: Strahan and Co.

If it is not allowable to discuss the merits or demerits of a sermon in the church, and seldom considered good taste to criticise religious homilies anywhere, we may be excused if we maintain a decent reserve after reading this very grave work on the resurrection of man. We may be permitted, however, to record our opinion that the views of the author are calculated to dispel religious gloom and promote a hopeful frame of mind, without in any way tampering with the foundations of Christian belief.

THE NEW ZEALAND WAR MEDAL.

THE medal for presentation to the officers and soldiers of those regiments which were engaged in the Maori war, in New Zealand, six or eight years ago, of which we publish an Engraving, is now being struck at the Royal Mint. The head of her Majesty Queen Victoria, wearing a Royal diadem, and a veil which covers the back of the head and neck, with earrings, a small pearl necklace, a locket or miniature portrait suspended from the necklace, is so depicted on the obverse side. The reverse side displays a wreath of laurel, to inclose the name or number of the recipient, with the motto, "New Zealand: Virtutis Honor." The ribbon is dark blue, with a red stripe along the middle.

A FAMILY NAMED LAITY is now living in the parish of St. Hilary, Cornwall, whose ages run thus:—Thomas, 89; John, 83; Mary, 78; William, 74; Grace, 72; Ann, 68; total, 464 years.

EMIGRATION.—At a meeting of the committee of the British and Colonial Emigration Fund, on Wednesday, a letter was read from the Poor-Law Board stating that the authorities at Whitehall would be willing to remove all restrictions which prevented co-operation between boards of guardians and such societies as the Emigration Fund. It was resolved to appeal to the public for subscriptions, and to send a deputation to the Premier asking the Government to place troop-ships at the disposal of the committee in dispatching emigrants to the colonies.

THE TRAMWAYS IN EAST LONDON.—The North Metropolitan Tramway Company is the only tramway company which has yet proceeded to execute the works authorised by the last Parliament. Their operations are being rapidly executed, ground having been broken at three points on the route—Whitechapel Church, Mile-end-gate, and Globe Bridge. Should the weather continue favourable the whole line will be completed in about seven or eight weeks. The company have power by their Act to construct a double line of tramway from Whitechapel Church to Bow Bridge, a length of about two miles and three quarters; and a single line thence to Stratford Broadway. They will in the next Session seek for power to convert the single line from Bow to Stratford into a double one. The distance between the outer rails is about 13½ ft.; and, as the company are bound to pave half a yard on each side of this space, more than 16 ft. of the roadway will be maintained at the cost of the company—an arrangement which will very sensibly relieve the parishes through which the line runs. The narrow, corrugated iron rail, so far from projecting, lies rather in a hollow, though it is intended to be flush with the pavement. The cars to be used are now on their way across the Atlantic, and will be similar in construction to those running in the streets of New York. These vehicles will be drawn by two horses, and will carry forty-six passengers. The fares are not yet settled, but as the omnibus fare from the Bank to Bow is only twopence, and in some cases a penny, the tramways will have to run under severe competition. In speed and comfort the new cars will be superior to the old omnibuses; and there is no doubt, from the crowds who every day watch the progress of the works, that the new mode of travelling will be very popular.

THE CELLARS OF THE CENTRAL MARKETS, PARIS.



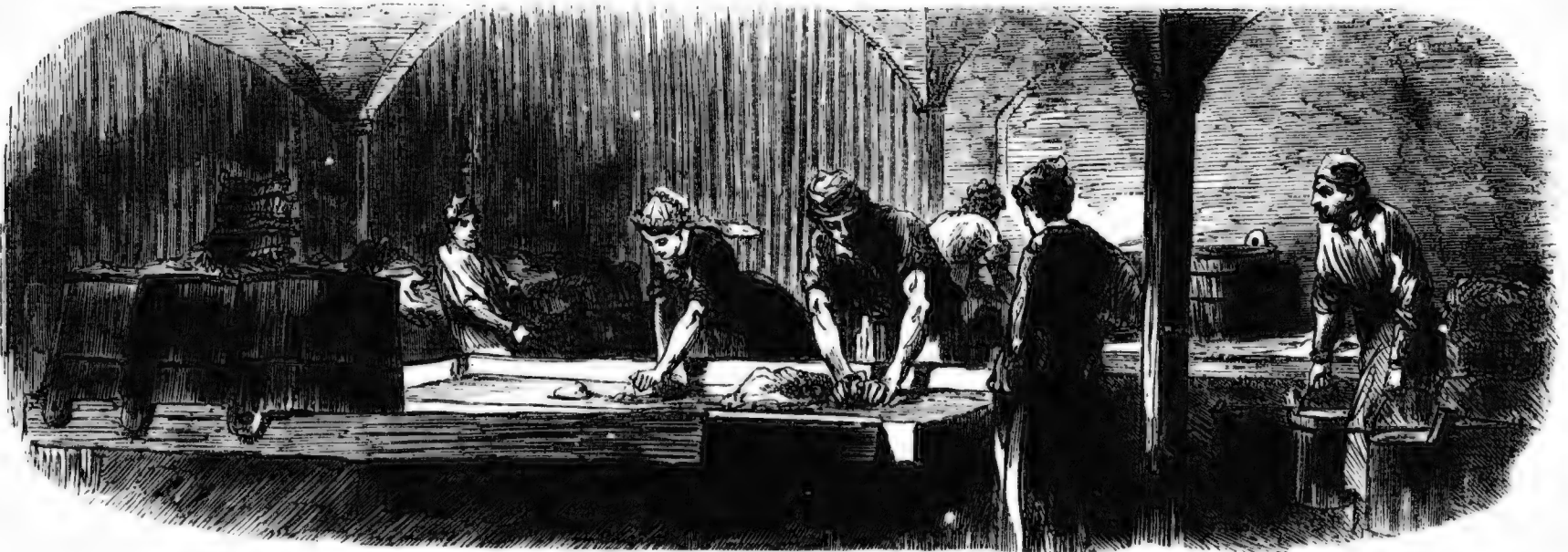
ARRANGING VEGETABLES.



"LES GAVEUSES DE PIGEONS."



BONE-SORTER.



MAKING UP BUTTER.



POULTRY PICKERS.



EGG COUNTER.



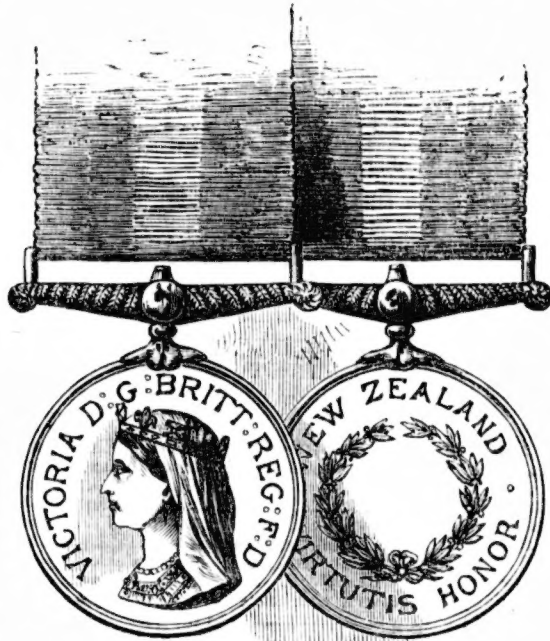
PROVISION SHAFT.

CELLARS OF THE HALLES CENTRALES, PARIS.

We have already given some description of the great central markets, which form one of the principal features of modernised Paris, and have superseded some of the ancient structures, picturesque but eminently inconvenient, that belonged to the various quarters of the French capital in the days of our youth. There are still a score of wholesale and as many retail markets in various parts of the city, and about 9000 dealers attend these various dépôts; but the Halles Centrales, on the Place des Innocents, close to St. Eustache, have become the most important. They have been substituted for the once celebrated Market of the Innocents, which was held on the same spot. Originally there were a church and a large cemetery there, and the dealers set up their stalls among the tombstones. In the course of time burials were interdicted in the cemetery; the movable stands gave place to permanent booths; and at length the church was pulled down, the graveyard dug up and levelled, and a permanent market established. The present Halles were commenced about fifteen years ago, and when completed cost above two millions, the municipality deriving from £50,000 to £70,000 a year from the rent of the stalls. The immense cellars, some of which are shown in our Engravings, are a principal feature of the market, every shopkeeper having the same space beneath his premises as he occupies on the surface. The great pavilion of the hall was so severely damaged by fire, on July 18 last year, that it was almost destroyed; but it is now nearly restored, and the underground portions, which were still more affected by the accident, have been entirely reconstructed. This range of subterranean dépôts is composed of quincunx columns, and so forms a series of ten brick vaults supported by groups of pillars, extending beneath the entire space between the Rue Berger, Rue Pierre l'Escot, Rue Rambuttan, and Rue Vauvilliers. According to the plan adopted they will one day be continued as far as the Corn Market, which will become the principal building in the immense group of edifices. Under the ordinary markets there are subterranean markets, which correspond exactly with the pavilions above, having similar architectural proportions. Two hundred gas jets scarcely suffice to illumine these enormous caverns, where all sorts of trades are carried on, as may be seen by reference to our Illustrations. One of the most important of these is the "making up of the butter," a phrase merely implying the working out the superfluous buttermilk and shaping the lumps into pats or rolls for the table. For this operation a great quantity of water is needed, which is supplied in the place, as well as by men who carry it in buckets, and the work goes briskly on. Another useful industry is that of the vegetable sorter, who cleans, strips, and arranges in a sort of bouquet the different edible roots that go together in the French cuisine. Do our readers know what is the duty of a *gareuse de pigeon*? If not, it will seem to them a strange trade, and is a still more curious business to watch during its operation. Before two women are placed a couple of enormous uncovered boxes, one of them full of live pigeons, and it is the duty of one of the operators to take each bird out and pass it to her neighbour, who has in her mouth a few well-soaked grains, taken from a basin by her side. These, after a slight degree of mastication, she expectorates into the beak of the unfortunate patient, which is then flung into the second box, with very little care how it may happen to fall, there to await the time when it will be required for pâtés or a roast. The pay for this process is 25 centimes a dozen birds. The bone-sorter is hard at work in another compartment, and his business is an important one, though it is not very agreeable to witness. Of course, bones, even when scraped, are largely used in all soup-eating communities, and it is his duty to scrap and cleanse them. First, he has to collect the shreds of damaged or inferior meats; next, to separate from the rest the second-class bones, which are sold for 10f. the 100 kilos, presumably to the glue-makers and fat-boilers; and, lastly, to preserve the best bones, which fetch 30f. the 100 kilos, and find their way to the cheap restaurants. The egg-counter's business is a responsible but tedious duty. By the light of a candle, and under the surveillance of the vender, he has to count, count, count continually without

breaking a single shell. The provisions purchased in the market above, if they are not carried off by the buyers, are passed down to the lower market to be afterwards sent to their destination, and the shoot leading from above is in constant work during the earlier part of the day, when, immediately on the descent of the hamper or the parcel, porters are ready to carry it away and deliver it at the house of the customer.

The poultry-pickers are a very busy section of the industry represented at the Halles Centrales; and, as aged people can be em-



THE NEW ZEALAND WAR MEDAL.

ployed at this work, it is certainly a very useful means of enabling the old retainers to earn a few sous a day. Perhaps the sight of these ancient wizened faces, lighted by the flare of the gas and sitting in a kind of atmosphere of feathers and down, is one of the most remarkable objects in this underground mart; but it is an interesting place altogether, and has the advantage of relieving the upper market from the inevitable confusion that ensues when all the operations that belong to a trade are carried on in one confined space barely sufficient for the accommodation of the customers. The Halles are open to wholesale dealers until eight o'clock in the morning, and after that hour to retailers. Early in the morning, from six to eight, the group of markets presents a curious and animated scene; but those who desire to see the buildings without encountering a crowd, or to make purchases, had better defer their visit till the afternoon.

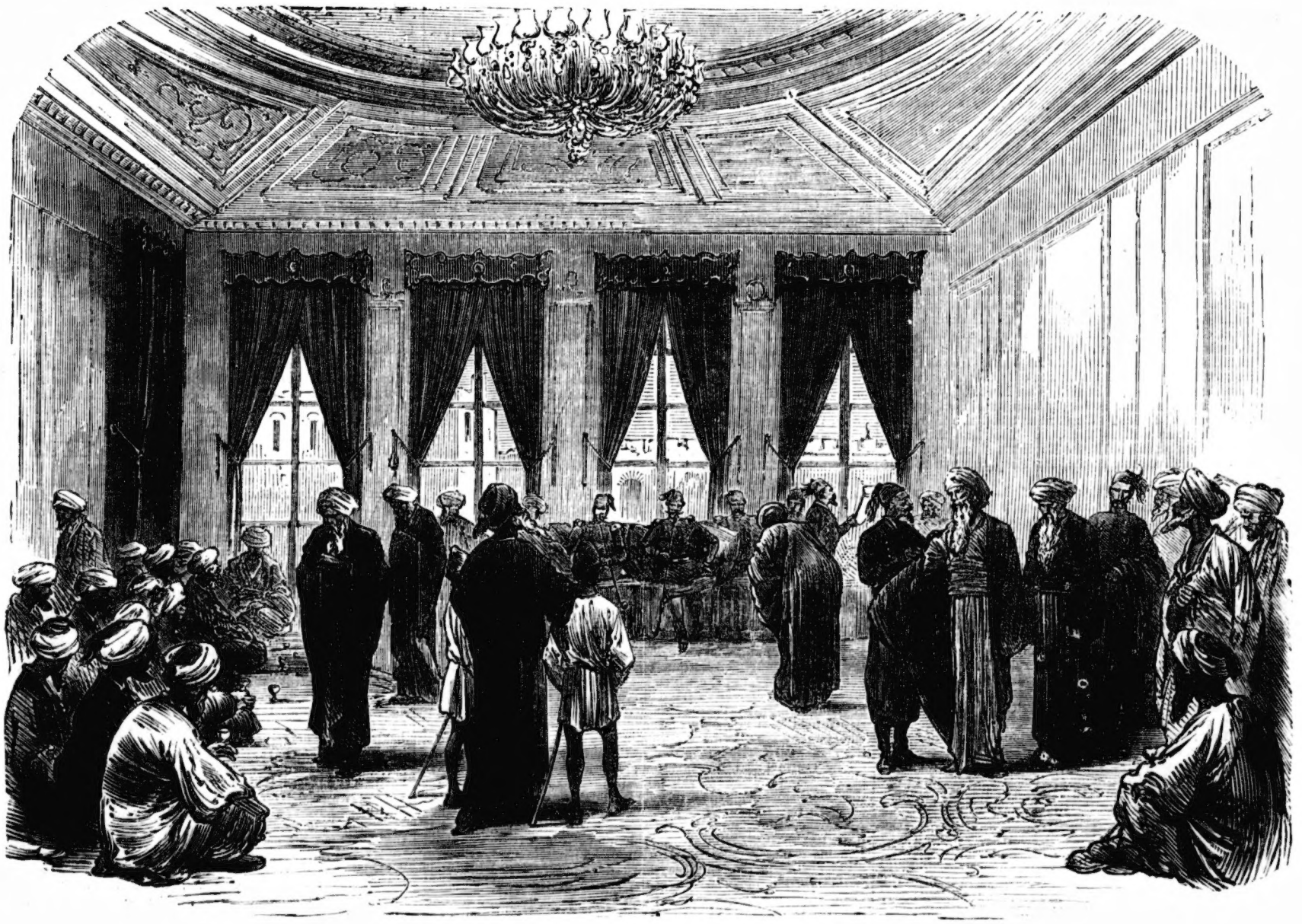
CAIRO DURING THE FESTIVAL OF THE RAMADAN.

Those guests of the Khedive who are in no hurry to relinquish his splendid hospitality, but continue to live at free quarters now

that the opening of the Suez Canal has become historical, must be putting some of the Egyptians to a severe restraint, if they are feasted and fed at the same rate as they have been hitherto. The great public event that has been so recently celebrated is not the only festival to be observed by the subjects of the Pacha, and their greatest feast of all is preceded by a fast still strictly observed by a few of the pious, even though Mohammed himself disapproved of any one fasting who was not perfectly able to do so without injury to his health. In fact, a large number do not fast every day for a whole month, from the first streak of day (when, as the Koran says, there is sufficient light to distinguish a white from a black thread) until sunset. Most people pretend to keep it, however, even though they may eat in private.

The Ramadan is a movable fast, for the Egyptian months retrograde through the different seasons of the solar year in a period of about thirty-three years and a half. In relation to astronomy and the seasons, the Coptic months are still in use. In the evening when the new moon is first to be seen in the month of Ramadan, that fast is proclaimed, and the sheikhs of various trades, with their guilds and parties of musicians, commence proceedings by making a procession to meet the persons who have been on the look-out for the rising of Luna. They wait for this messenger at the citadel, from which they march in great state (as may be seen by our Engraving), preceded by bearers of flaming cressets. The streets through which they pass are lined with spectators watching their progress to the mosque. The sheikhs are mounted on horseback, each handsomely caparisoned, and with his staff of attendants and minstrels. Sixteen various industries were thus represented, and a vast band of military music, followed by a great body of police armed with long sabres at their girdles and longer canes in their hands, brought up the rear; followed, last of all, by a group consisting of the chief baker of Cairo and his brother, five captains of police, a general, and a sub-prefect. As night came on the streets were illuminated, and amidst the glare of lights the great crowd joined the procession, in shouts heralding the solemn observance of their religious anniversary. The fast is only during the day, so that on this night of the proclamation everybody begins to feast, in preparation for the next day's abstinence. A few minutes before sunset every evening the meal is prepared, the period of fasting in Cairo being from 12h. 5m. to 16h. 14m. Breakfast is generally taken at home during the Ramadan, and then visiting, and shopping, and assembling at coffee-houses begin. In fact, night and day are reversed as much as possible. On the expiration of the fast the people all dress in their best, the men assemble in the mosques to prayers, and a scene of general congratulation ensues. Presents are exchanged, and many of the women visit the tombs of their relatives with servants bearing palm branches or bunches of sweet basil, to lay on the graves. Food, too, is distributed to the poor, who resort to the burial-grounds on these days. Fairs, with dancers, acrobats, swings and whirligigs are held in various places; and beneath tents public reciters, musicians, and others contribute to the amusement of the faithful.

On the first day of Ramadan, however, the great procession, before it takes its way from the citadel to the mosque, is stayed by an important ceremony, of which we publish an illustration. Achmet Pacha, Governor of Cairo, seated on his divan, at the lower end of the grand saloon of the citadel, receives the officers of the army and the sheikhs of the guilds. After the usual salaams, his Highness orders coffee to be served to all guests. In the centre is the Secretary Effendi, whose business it is to announce the names of all those who are entitled to receive a robe. Each sheikh rises, and, having received a robe, which an attendant assists him in adjusting, bows to the Pacha and returns to his seat. These robes are, in fact, shabby enough; but they are sacred, nevertheless, having, in fact, been used in the journey to Mecca, with the last cavalcade of pilgrims. On this occasion a rather awkward dispute arose between two sheikhs, both of whom claimed the same garment; and the controversy was likely to have ended by the holy mantle being torn in halves, but for the promptitude of the Pacha, who made a sign to the *cavasses* to put the aggressor outside the building. After this distribution a blind



FIRST DAY OF THE RAMADAN IN CAIRO: DISTRIBUTION OF ROBES TO ARAB SHEIKHS.

and venerable sheikh, with a great white beard, was led to the centre of the hall by two boys, and there pronounced an invocation, which was followed by united prayer; after which the company retired in the order in which they had entered. The troops were drawn up outside and presented arms; the drums beat, and the cortège resumed its journey.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON POLITICAL ETHNOLOGY.

ON Sunday evening Professor Huxley delivered a lecture on "The Forefathers and Forerunners of the English People," being the second of a series of "Sunday Evenings for the People" provided by the National Sunday League. The Professor's main object appeared to be to combat the notion that any political weight is properly to be attached to the distinction between the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon races. After some prefatory remarks, the lecturer said:—

"At the present moment the languages which are spoken by the natives of these islands belong to two very different groups. There is, on the one hand, the English group, represented by a great variety of dialects—the Lowland Scotch, the Suffolk, and the Dorset dialects, for example, being so different that the speakers of each might have a good deal of difficulty in understanding one another. On the other hand, there is the Celtic group—comprising the Cymric, spoken in Wales, and formerly in Cornwall; and the Gaelic, spoken in the Highlands of Scotland, the Isle of Man, and Ireland.

"The speakers of Cymric and Gaelic are not intelligible to one another. They are like French and Italian, totally distinct, though allied, languages. We call the people who speak Cymric and Gaelic Celts, while the English-speaking population is roughly called Anglo-Saxon, except so far as we have reason to believe that it comprises people who formerly spoke Celtic tongues. But here, to begin with, is a plain source of confusion. Physical, mental, and moral peculiarities go with blood, and not with language. In the United States the negroes have spoken English for generations; but no one on that ground would call them Englishmen, or expect them to differ—physically, mentally, or morally—from other negroes. And hence—assuming, in the first place, that we are justified in calling all speakers of Celtic dialects Celts; and assuming, in the second place, that these Celts are a different stock from the Anglo-Saxon—our first business before these assumptions can bear any practical fruit is to ascertain what part of the present population of these islands is Celtic by blood in addition to that part which still speaks Cymric or Gaelic.

"This is a very difficult inquiry, and has resulted, as yet, in more uncertainties than certainties. I will put before you those results which, to the best of my knowledge and belief, may be depended upon. At the time of *Cæsar's* invasion, now nearly 2000 years ago, there is every reason to believe that the population of Britain, from Land's End to John o' Groat's House, spoke Cymric dialects, while the inhabitants of Ireland all spoke Gaelic. The whole population of these islands, therefore, so far as their language is concerned, was Celtic, but the Britons belonged to the Cymric division, and the Hibernians to the Gaelic division. The English language did not exist, and there is no evidence that any Teutonic dialect was spoken within our coasts. The Romans, as you know, never entered Ireland, but they held Britain for four centuries. England is full of the remains of their wonderful works, and has much more to show as the result of the Roman occupation than India would exhibit of ours if we left that country. Nevertheless, the Roman blood and Roman language seem to have made no more impression on the ancient British people than the English blood and language have on the Hindoos. For my present purpose, therefore, their influence may be neglected. When the Romans evacuated Britain the Cymric Celts were attacked on two sides—on the north by the Scots and the Picts, on the east and south by the Angles and Saxons.

"The Scots were Gaelic-speaking Irish, who speedily won a foothold in the highlands, and have remained there ever since; but though they subjugated, and probably in great measure destroyed, the Cymri, who were their predecessors, they only substituted one Celtic population for another. Who the Picts were and whence they came no one knows with certainty; but the balance of evidence, to my mind, is in favour of their being a Teutonic population derived either from Scandinavia or North Germany. If they were a Teutonic population, they harried and ravaged all Scotland north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde so effectually, in conjunction with their allies, the Scots, that the Celtic element in Caithness, Sutherland, and the east coast of Scotland must have been practically abolished. Leaving the Picts aside, however, it is certain that for something like 500 years these islands were encircled by a sort of fiery girdle of Teutonic invaders—Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Danes, and Norsemen—who sometimes entered into alliances with the Celts, but more frequently made war upon them with indescribable ferocity, and eventually gained fixed possessions in all parts of Britain and Ireland. Upon the eastern and south-eastern coast of Britain, which was most exposed to the invaders, the Celts seem to have been absolutely exterminated over vast districts, a Celtic name of a river or a hill being all that is left to show that they once existed. But, as in the slow progress of centuries the Teutonic conquests were pushed farther and farther westward, the antagonism of savagery and civilisation, of Paganism and Christianity, ceased to exist. The Teuton was content to dominate instead of exterminating, and in the western parts of England and Lowland Scotland, as well as in Wales and the Highlands, the change of blood effected by the Saxon and Danish conquests has been, on the whole, insignificant. One is apt to forget that a couple of centuries ago there was as little English spoken in Cornwall as there now is in Wales, and that not only Cornish men but Devonshire men are as little Anglo-Saxons as Northumbrians are Welsh. The Norman Conquest is hardly worth mentioning from an ethnological point of view. What new blood the Normans introduced was Celtic as well as Teutonic. They and their language have alike been smothered in the English nationality, which, from the facts which have been stated, it is simply absurd to call Anglo-Saxon.

"Let us now turn to Ireland. The study of the so-called history of that country before the Norman invasion in the twelfth century is not a hopeful undertaking for the searcher after fact, but some points are clear. It is certain, for example, that the Norsemen and the Danes had an immense deal of intercourse—sometimes friendly, sometimes very much the reverse—with Ireland, *Burnt Njal*, the hero of the wonderful Icelandic Saga, which Dr. Dasent has made accessible to all of us, bears, like many of his compatriots, an Irish name. It is, in fact, the Norse representative of the Irish O'Neil. And Dr. Dasent tells me that a lively slave trade was carried on for centuries between Scandinavia and Ireland. *Burnt Njal's* Saga tells of Icelanders who took an active share in Irish wars. We know that Norse chiefs long ruled one part of the country, and that Danes occupied all the chief maritime towns. It is inconceivable that all these conquests should have taken place without a large infusion of Teutonic blood among the Irish people. Then came the Norman conquest, and the spread of Normans and Englishmen among the landholders of the country by intermarriage, force, or fraud. The English policy of those days was to set up an England in Ireland which should be strong enough to keep the native Irish in check, but weak enough to depend on the support and execute the will of the English Government. The practical result was, firstly, a constant condition of civil war and anarchy; and, secondly, the forcing of all the Normans and English who had intermarried with the Irish into identifying themselves with the Celts in name and language, and becoming the leaders of every so-called national movement. From these causes the state of Ireland was bad enough under the Plantagenets; but when the Reformation came, the Irish as a body, and without distinction of Teutonic or Celtic elements, declined to have anything to do with it; and the antagonism of religion was added to other antagonisms. From the time of Elizabeth to that of Cromwell the country was devastated by the most ferocious and

savage warfare, until, in the middle of the seventeenth century, it is probable that the population of Ireland was reduced to less than a million.

"Ireland was a terrible thorn in the sides of the statesmen of the Commonwealth. They sent Cromwell over, and he dealt with the Irish, at Drogheda and elsewhere, in such fashion, that to this day his name remains the symbol of ruthless cruelty in the mind of the Irish peasant. If you see an old ruin, it is Cromwell who destroyed it; and his heaviest malediction is the curse of Cromwell. I believe this is rather hard upon the Lord Protector, who was a merciful man enough when he had his own way; but, whosoever the responsibility may be, it is certain that Ireland was dealt with by the Puritans as no country has been dealt with in civilised times. If you look into the records of that period you will find that they 'sought the Lord' a good deal about it, and the result of their seekings was this:—

"They formed what we should now call a joint-stock company with limited liability for the conquest of Ireland—who were called the 'Adventurers.' Every Adventurer was to receive land, proportioned to the stock invested, when Ireland was conquered. Well, Cromwell and Ireton between them not only conquered, but crushed Ireland, so far as she was Catholic. Then the Government divided the land—all Ireland except Connaught—into parcels, which were allotted partly to the Adventurers and partly to the army, and offered the pre-existing Catholic population, no matter whether it was Teutonic or Celtic in blood, the choice of two alternatives—emigration to Connaught or beyond the seas. It is computed that some 40,000 able-bodied men were draughted off into the armies of foreign Sovereigns, who rejoiced to have their services and inflicted many a blow on England by their help. Those who remained—old, young, rich, and poor—were ordered, in the late autumn, to leave their homes and their crops and betake themselves to the wilds and wastes of Connaught. Suppose the First Napoleon had successfully invaded England, and that about August he had ordered all the Protestants in England east of the Severn and north of the Dee to give up their land to French Catholics and take themselves off to Cornwall and Wales, he would have performed a feat exactly comparable to the so-called Cromwellian settlement of Ireland. It is true that the laws of Nature, more merciful than those of man, prevented the complete carrying out of the orders of the Parliament. The English superseded the old proprietors found that land without labourers was almost as valueless a present as a steam-engine without coal. Hence many of the peasantry were allowed to remain, and many were brought back from Connaught; but the invaders remained as the dominant caste, and in the north as the bulk of the population. And a large part of Ireland has thus been as completely Teutonised by the Lowland Scotch and the eastern English as these people were themselves Teutonised by the Saxon and Norse invasions.

"If one wishes to think of a representative Irishman, the image of the 'Tipperary Boy,' with all his merits and all his faults, involuntarily presents itself to those who have known Irishmen. But I believe that I am affirming no more than there is warranty for, if I declare that a native of Tipperary is just as much or as little an Anglo-Saxon as a native of Devonshire. And if you want to know why a Tipperary man occasionally 'tumbles' his landlord, and a Devonshire man does not, you must seek the cause of the difference in something else than in the presence of Celtic blood in the one and not in the other. To sum up, there is full evidence to prove that in Ireland as well as in Britain the present population is made up of two parties—the one, primitive, so far as history goes, and speaking a Celtic tongue; the other, secondary and intrusive, and speaking a Teutonic tongue.

"We have absolutely no knowledge of the relative proportions of these two parties in England and in Ireland; but it is quite possible, and I think probable, that Ireland as a whole contains less Teutonic blood than the eastern half of England, and more than the western half. Thus, assuming that Celtic speech and Teutonic speech are making two separate groups or races of mankind, I absolutely deny that the past affords any reason for dealing with the people of Ireland differently from that which may be found to answer with the people of Devonshire, or vice versa. And if this is true I think that the sooner we leave off drawing political distinctions between Celts and Saxons the better. But, as an ethnologist, I go further than this. I deny that there is sufficient proof of the existence of any difference whatever, except that of language, between Celt and Teuton. And my reason for this seeming paradox is the following:—

"All the accounts which have been handed down to us by the Romans and the Greeks of the physical character of the Celtic-speaking peoples known to them, and whom they called Gauls or Celts, agree in ascribing to these terrible enemies of theirs—a tall stature, fair hair of a reddish or yellow tinge, blue eyes, and fair skins. Such were the Gauls whom *Cæsar* conquered. Such were the Gauls who settled in Asia Minor, to whom the *Epistle to the Galatians* was written; such, again, were the Britons with whom *Cæsar* fought in North-Eastern Britain. But all the ancient authors give exactly the same account of the physical character of the ancient Germans. There is not a doubt that they also were tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and fair-skinned; so, without doubt, were all the other Teutonic-speaking people—whether Angles, Saxons, Danes, or Norsemen. So close was the physical resemblance of the Celts and the Teutons who, in the early days of the Roman Empire, inhabited the right and the left banks of the Rhine, that it was and is a matter of discussion whether particular rights belonged to the one division or the other—and we hear of Celtic tribes who tried to pass themselves off as of German origin—an imposture which could not have been attempted had any clear physical difference existed between the two stocks. I am unaware of any evidence of the existence of a dark-complexioned people speaking a Celtic dialect outside of Britannia (Ireland). But it is quite certain that, in the time of *Tacitus*, the Silures, who inhabited South Wales and Shropshire, were a dark-complexioned people; and, if Irish tradition is to be trusted for anything, we must credit its invariable assertion that only the chief Irish tribes—that of the Milesians—consisted of dark-haired, black-eyed people. And the commonest observation will convince you of the existence of a dark and a light stock, and of all the shades produced by their intermixture in Ireland and Britain at the present day. In Ireland, as in Britain, the dark stock predominates in the west and south, the fair in the east and north.

"The same fact was observed in France long ago by *William Milne Edwards*. The population of Eastern and Northern France is, on the whole, fair; that of Western and Southern France is, on the whole, dark. Turn to *Cæsar* and you will find the reason of this singular distribution of complexion. To the south of the Garonne, he tells us, the population consisted of the Aquitani, who spoke a language which was not Celtic. This language is that which is now spoken by the people who inhabit the shores of the Bay of Biscay, and who are called Basques by foreigners. Hence the language is termed Basque, but they themselves call it Euskaldunac. It is a language which is the despair of philologists, inasmuch as it presents not a trace of affinity with any other European or Asiatic tongue. People speaking this language were the primitive inhabitants not only of the south of France, but of Spain, whence they are called Iberians, and they have been traced as far west as Sicily. But in all directions they have been broken up by Celtic and other invasion; and whenever the Celts have penetrated they have substituted their own language for the Euskaldunac, the mixed population—a Celt-Iberian everywhere, so far as I know, speaking Celtic, and not Euskarian, dialects. But just as the Celtic language has been lost in Cornwall, while the proportion of Celtic blood remains unchanged, so the Iberian blood has remained, although all traces of the language may have been obliterated. I believe it is this Iberian blood which is the source of the so-called black Celts in Ireland and in Britain; and I may mention three circumstances, upon which I do not wish to lay too much weight, but which, so far as they go, are in favour of my hypothesis. The first is that all Irish tradition derives the Milesians from Spain; the second is that the termination *wti*, in the name of the Siluri, is characteris-

tically Euskarian; the third is that *Tacitus* expressly compares the Silures with the Aquitani. When the genealogy of the English people is thoroughly worked out we find that our forefathers are reduced to two stocks—the one, a lightly made, short, dark-complexioned people, the Iberians, who, as far as they can be traced back, talked Euskaldunac, a language which has not the least resemblance to any other spoken in Europe; the other a tall, big-limbed, fair people, who, as far as we can trace them, have always talked some form or other of the languages of that great Aryan family to which German, Latin, Greek, Persian, and Sanskrit belong, and of which the Celtic tongues are outlying members. In everything which constitutes a race these Aryan or Celtic and Teutonic nations are of one race. In every particular by which races of mankind differ the Iberians and the Aryans are of different races.

"Thus English political ethnology offers two problems:—1. Is there any evidence to show that the Iberians and the Aryans differ in their capacity for civilisation, or in their intellectual and moral powers? All I can say is, that I know of none. Whether in Greece or Rome, in modern Italy, France, Germany, or England, the dark stock and the light have run neck and neck together. 2. Is there any evidence to show that there is what may be called a political difference between the Celtic Aryan and the Germanic Aryan? I must say once more that I can find none. And one of the keenest observers who ever lived, and who had the opportunity of comparing the Celt and the German side by side—I mean *Julius Cæsar*—tells us especially that the Gauls in former days were better men than the Germans—that they had been corrupted by contact with civilisation, and that, even in his day, the races who held the Black Forest in possession were the equals of the Germans in frugality, hardiness, and every virtue of man or warrior. Put side by side with this picture of the Saxon when, England fairly won, he sank into the slothful enjoyment of his possessions; and after the Conquest fell so low that the invective of *Giraldus Cambrensis* against the Saxons of his day, as idle, worthless fellows, cowards, and liars, fit only to be drudges and menials, reads just like an extract from an English or American leading article against the low Irish. Do not let what I have said mislead you into the notion that I disbelieve in the importance of race. I am a firm believer in blood, as every naturalist must be, and I entertain no doubt that our Iberic forefathers have contributed a something to the making of the modern Englishman totally distinct from the elements which he has inherited from his Aryan forefathers. But which is the Aryan element and which the Iberian I believe no man can tell; and he who affirms that any quality needful for this, that, or the other form of political organisation is present in the one and absent in the other, makes a statement which I believe to be as baseless in natural science as it is mischievous in politics. I say again that I believe in the immense influence of that fixed hereditary transmission which constitutes a race. I believe it just as I believe in the influence of ancestors upon children. But the character of a man depends in part upon the tendencies he brought with him into the world, and in part upon the circumstances to which he is subjected—sometimes one group of influence predominates, sometimes the other. And there is this further truth, which lies within everyone's observation—that by diligent and careful education you may help a child to be good and wise and keep it out of evil and folly. But the wisest education cannot ensure its being either good or wise; while, on the other hand, a few years of perverted ingenuity would suffice to convert the best child that ever lived into a monster of vice and wickedness. The like applies to these great children, nations and their rulers, who are their educators. The most a good government can do is to help its people to be wise and noble, and that mainly by clearing obstacles out of their way. But a thoroughly bad government can debauch and demoralise a people for generations, discouraging all that is good, cherishing all that is evil, until it is as impossible to discover the original nobleness of the stock, as it is to find truthfulness and self-restraint in a spoiled and demoralised child. Let Englishmen ponder these things. If what I have to say in a matter of science weighs with any man who has political power, I ask him to believe that the arguments about the difference between Anglo-Saxons and Celts are a mere sham and delusion. And the next time the Irish difficulty rises before him I ask him, in the first place, to read Mr. Prendergast's book on the Cromwellian Settlement, and then to put before himself these plain questions:—Firstly, are the essentially Celtic people of Devonshire and Cornwall orderly, contented, industrious Englishmen, or are they not? And, secondly, is there the smallest probability that the folk who sang, 'And shall Trelawney die?' would have been what they are, if they had been dealt with as the people of Tipperary were by our pious Puritan ancestors? And if he answers the first question in the affirmative, and the second in the negative, as he certainly will, he will have fulfilled Dr. Johnson's condition for dealing with all great questions—'Sir, first clear your mind of cant.'

FAREWELL DINNER TO MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.

ON Monday night a farewell dinner was given to Mr. Charles Mathews, who, as pleasantly stated by himself at his leave-taking benefit last week, is about to go on a "provincial tour to the Antipodes." The dinner took place at Willis's Rooms. Over 200 gentlemen assembled to bid Mr. Mathews a farewell. Among them were—Lord Houghton, Lord Henry Vane Tempest, General Cavendish, General de Bathe, General Fox, Lord Ranelagh, Sir Henry Thompson; Sir Henry Anderson, K.S.I.; Sir George Armitage; Captain Dawson Damer, M.P.; F. Milbanks, M.P.; J. Brady, M.P.; J. Clay, M.P.; Colonel du Plat, J. B. Buckstone, B. Webster, Sergeant Ballantine, G. A. Sala, Edmund Yates, Bayle Bernard, Dr. Hastings, Alfred Wigan, C. Gruneisen, Captain Wombwell, W. Creswick, J. R. Planché, Frank Matthews, Vaughan Morgan, John Oxenford, E. L. Blanchard, Rev. O. C. Clarke, Addison J. Anson, Jules Benedict, L. Brough, H. J. Byron; C. Dickens, jun.; W. S. Gilbert, George Godwin, Arthur Sullivan, Barry Sullivan, Horace Wigan, Herman Vezin, R. H. Wyndham; C. Mathews, jun. With characteristic humour, Mr. Mathews, the guest of the evening, consented to act as chairman, and to propose his own health. The entertainment was originated and carried out at a very short notice by Mr. Arthur Sketchley and Mr. W. R. Sams. Mr. J. W. Anson, Mr. C. V. Boys, and Mr. Gaston Murray acted as stewards. After the usual loyal toasts, Mr. Mathews said:—"The most important task assigned to me has now to be fulfilled, and I rise to propose what is called the toast of the evening with a most singular mixture of pleasure and trepidation. I was going to say that I was placed in not only a novel but an unprecedented position by being asked to occupy the chair to-day. But it is not so. There is nothing new in saying that there is nothing new, and I find in the *Times* newspaper of Oct. 3, 1798, an advertisement of a dinner given to Mr. Fox at the Shakespeare Tavern, Covent-garden, on the anniversary of his first election for Westminster—'The Hon. Charles James Fox in the chair.' Here is a great precedent; and what was done in 1798 by Charles James Fox is only imitated in 1870 by Charles James Mathews. I venture to assert, and I think I may do so without vanity, that a fitter man than myself—to propose the health of our guest could not be found, for I venture also emphatically to affirm that there is no man so well acquainted with the merits and demerits of that gifted individual as I am. I have been on the most intimate terms with him from his earliest youth. I have watched over and assisted his progress from childhood upwards—have shared in all his joys and griefs—and I assert boldly, and am proud to have this opportunity of publicly declaring, that there is not a man on earth for whom I entertain so sincere a regard and affection. Indeed, I don't think I go too far in stating that he has an equal affection for me. He has come to me for advice over and over again, under the most embarrassing circumstances; and what is still more remarkable, he has always taken my advice in preference to that of any one else. But, having got thus far, I find myself stopped by a most formidable difficulty. After having declared myself the bosom friend of our distinguished guest, I fear that the high

encomiums I feel it my duty as well as my inclination to pile upon him wholesale may be open to suspicion—I may be accused of partiality, and those stupendous compliments which I consider so strictly his due may be considered fulsome and overdone—the foolish emanations of a too-ardent admirer. No, gentlemen, in justice to my friend, I must leave to others the showering of those elaborately-constructed eulogies which cannot fail to rain upon the head of the beloved companion of my youth, fearing only that, as no one but myself knows half his amiable qualities, his wonderful gifts, his astounding talents, and his resplendent genius, no one will be found capable of doing half justice to the merits of this remarkable man. Gentlemen, with much regret I delegate the delightful privilege of my position to some one who, I hope, will not flinch from the bestowal of any compliment that may occur to him (Cheering, and a special cheer for Mrs. Mathews).

Mr. George A. Sala proposed the "Health of the Guest and the Chairman of the Evening," which was responded to by Mr. Mathews with much feeling, but in his own peculiar lively style.

THE BOERS AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

A BLUEBOOK has just been issued containing some interesting correspondence relating to the kidnapping and enslaving of young Africans by the Boers of the Trans-Vaal Republic. The Boers obtain their slaves from the natives in the Amponda country, or beyond Zontpansberg, in exchange for cattle or blankets. This traffic is usually spoken of by the cant name of "black ivory," or "black goods." The slaves are worth from £15 to £20 each, and are often treated with gross inhumanity. For the most part the slaves are children who have been captured in the exterminating wars waged by the natives of the interior, and a form of "booking" or indenturing is gone through, by which the services of a native are secured to his master until he is twenty-five years of age; a limitation, however, which is practically disregarded. In 1866 President Pretorius justified this apprenticeship or slavery as a protection for native children—"Surrounded as this Republic is by native tribes, who frequently go to war beyond reach of the Government, it sometimes happens that children are carried away by one tribe from another; to such the Government must extend its protection, and it is to such only that art. 2 alludes. The Government considers it to be its duty to save such children, and nothing can under such circumstances be done, except apprenticing them as orphans to persons duly approved by the Government." Sir Philip Wodehouse, Governor of Cape Colony, gives a different complexion to the traffic, declaring that "native children and youths, called orphans, or perhaps made so by the murder of their parents, can be registered as apprentices for a term of twenty-one years, and can during that term be sold from hand to hand as a marketable commodity."

Evidence is not wanting that the Boers do not always wait for the raids of native tribes to supply the market. Dr. Livingstone relates that in 1852 the Boers, under the late Mr. Pretorius, besides killing a considerable number of adults, carried off 200 of his school children into slavery, and, subsequently visiting the Trans-Vaal, he personally recognised many slave children as having been attached to his mission. In July, 1868, Mr. M. S. Fitzgerald, who had then just returned from the Trans-Vaal country, writes as follows:—"Slavery and kidnapping in their direst, cruellest form stalk about unchecked, unheeded, through the length and breadth of that accursed land. Pretorius himself is at this moment the holder of eight of these stolen children, and every official in the State has his retinue of menials supplied him from the same source. Even ministers of religion, the Dutch minister Smit, at Rustenburg, especially, do not disdain to sully their cloth with the odious traffic. Early in February of the present year, and while I was residing at Pretoria, the Landdrost's clerk, Becker, sought for and obtained leave of absence, and joined a small party of twenty-seven persons, who left town ostensibly on a hunting expedition, but in reality, as it afterwards turned out, to run down slaves and despoil offensive natives of stock and produce. The band returned after a couple of months' absence, loaded with their ill-gotten spoil and a large number of native children; of these the official, Becker, had three to his share."

Confirming these reports of the atrocious practices of the Boers, Lieutenant-Governor Keate, of Natal, writes, on Sept. 24, 1868, to the Duke of Buckingham:—

"It is very much to be feared that, owing to the example set by the Portuguese for so long a time past, and to the later practice of some of the subjects of the Trans-Vaal Government, all these tribes, or nearly all, with the marked exception of the Zulus, pursue a policy which is favourable to the prosecution of the slave trade. Captives taken in war, children or adults, are valuable property. The slave-ships take the adults because, when carried beyond the seas, they cannot by absconding return to their homes. The subjects of the Trans-Vaal take the children because their infancy renders their ever reaching their homes hopeless. This slavery in the Trans-Vaal territory on the native soil of the slave gives rise to the most atrocious crimes. It requires and leads to the extermination of the parents and friends, whenever possible, of the captured children, who otherwise might be sought for and be inveigled away. It makes desirable, too, for its purposes the annihilation of the very commonest instincts of human nature. Incredible as it may appear, the Secretary for Native Affairs informs me that he has conversed with persons who have assured him that they have actually seen young slave boys emasculated by their white masters to prevent them running away with slave girls when grown up."

"The Trans-Vaal Government professes to forbid slavery, but its weakness as a Government is such as to render the prohibition practically inoperative. It exists under the name of apprenticeship; and sales of these apprentices habitually take place under the description, in mercantile books, of 'black ivory.'"

"The object that I have in view in entering into these particulars is to throw out the suggestion that, whatever course, if any, may be pursued with the Trans-Vaal Republic, and however ineffectual direct interference with it would be, whether con-

ducted by the High Commissioner or, as proposed in the resolution of the Legislative Council, by this Government, the influence which the latter possesses in the native States all along the seaboard to the northward of Natal as far as the mouths of the Zambesi might possibly be brought to bear upon the general question of the suppression of slavery, slave hunting and dealing in this part of Africa, and that its exercise might even react in an indirect manner upon the Trans-Vaal Republic. The chief 'Langa,' in his message to this Government, prays that the Secretary for Native Affairs, whose name is known far and wide among all these peoples, may go into his country and visit him. I think that such a visit, if extended to other tribes and their territories also, might be attended with very important results, especially if he were to go not only as the agent and representative of this Government, but as coming from 'the Government of the Great House over the water.'"

POLICE.

STRANGE CONFESSION OF MURDER.—George Dyer, residing at Hillford-street, Islington, was brought up before Mr. Vaughan, at Bow-street, on Monday, charged, on his own confession, with causing the death of George Wilson, at the Loddon gold diggings, in Victoria, Australia, about twelve years ago. Mr. Wright, solicitor, attended for the prisoner. James Thompson, superintendent of the E division, deposed that the prisoner gave himself up at Bow-street police-station, on the charge of a murder, concerning which he wished to make a statement. The witness duly warned the prisoner of the result of such a confession, but he stated he was fully aware of the consequences. He said that at present he was a clerk in the employment of Messrs. Brown, Shiplake, and Co., ship merchants. In 1853 he left England for Melbourne, with his wife and three children, where he stayed two years. His wife then died, and he sent his children back to England. He went to the gold diggings at Loddon about June, where he took up a claim and worked it. About Christmas, 1857, he encountered a man named George Wilson, an English sailor. They were both single-haired, and, as each required a mate, they joined in working the claim. They agreed very well for about a month, when a quarrel arose between them in reference to the quantity of gold realised. In consequence of this dispute Wilson drew his sheathed knife against the prisoner, who, to defend himself, struck down Wilson with the spade he used, cutting his head completely open, thus causing instantaneous death. The prisoner afterwards threw the body, which was still warm, into a well some 30 ft. or 40 ft. deep, which was situated near a tent occupied by some Cornish people. Into this tent prisoner subsequently retired to rest for the night. Shortly afterwards this party left the spot, and inquired after his mate George. He replied that Wilson had gone by the "Inglewood Rush." Prisoner did no good at Loddon, and, after passing several years in Melbourne, New Zealand, and other places, he returned to England. As during his stay in Australia he had frequently corresponded with his children, he visited them immediately on his arrival home. He lodged some time with a married sister, Mrs. Axtens. He was perfectly sober, calm, and rational as he made this statement, and fully understood the position he was placed in by the confession of the murder, of which no one knew but himself. He had not had any peace since the event; his mind had become distracted, and he therefore determined to give himself up when he saw on a wall the words "Police Station." In answer to Mr. Wright, the superintendent acknowledged that he did notice a slight wild expression of the prisoner's eyes, but he did not mention anything about his son having attempted to poison him. Robert Hubbard, inspector of the E division, who was on duty when the prisoner delivered himself up, corroborated the last witness's evidence. He added that he had called on Mrs. Axtens, and she said that the prisoner had undoubtedly been labouring under some strange delusion ever since he returned from Australia. The prisoner's landlord said the prisoner had frequently complained of the unnatural behaviour of his sons, who would play the part of detectives upon him, and sometimes get under his bed of a night. Mr. Wright said he did not know whether Mr. Vaughan intended to remand the case or not; but a gentleman from Australia was present who would, if called, state that he never heard of any such murder having been committed there. Many friends of the prisoner were also in attendance. Mr. Vaughan hinted that from the manner in which the murder was alleged to have been committed it was very probable, supposing the prisoner's statement to be true, that it might never have been discovered. The prisoner was remanded, to enable the police to make inquiries and for medical testimony to be produced.

OUTRAGEOUS TAHS.—At Wandsworth, on Monday, Thomas Costello, seventeen, and Thomas Lynn, sixteen, sailors, belonging to her Majesty's ship St. Vincent, were charged with wilfully breaking two panes of glass in the shop window of Mr. John Barnard, grocer, of Park-road, Clapham, causing damage to the amount of £8, and violently assaulting several persons. Last Saturday night Mr. Barnard's lad was proceeding to shut up the shop, and left one of the shutters outside while he fetched the others. The prisoner Costello took up the shutter and broke the windows with it. Mr. Barnard heard the crash, went outside, and accused Costello with breaking his windows. Lynn then struck him, and Costello also struck another tradesman and his wife who had been drawn outside their shop by the noise of the glass being broken. Police-Constable Blackburn said the prisoners were very violent, and he understood that they behaved in that way to prevent their going to sea any more. He produced a pass to show that their leave of absence expired on Saturday. Mr. Ingham looked upon the case as a joint act, and committed both prisoners to the House of Correction for two months, with hard labour.

CHRISTMAS THIEVES.—The facilities of modern locomotion appear to be made the most of by thieves as well as by honest people. Thus a couple of men, well known to the London police

were brought up at Worship-street, last Saturday, charged with burglaries at Darlington, in the county of Durham. It appears that two days previous to Christmas Day they arrived per train, and took up their abode at a quiet out-of-the-way eating-house, and doubtless had no difficulty in finding out which were the families who usually spent the holidays away from home. They left the day after Christmas Day, and forty-eight hours afterwards it was discovered that two houses, whose owners were absent, had been broken into and thoroughly ransacked. It was proved on Saturday that a watch, taken from one of these houses, had been pawned in London by the prisoners, and information having been given by the pawnbroker, they were secured and handed over to the Durham police for transmission to Darlington.

TROPPMAN'S APPEAL.—M. Bozerian, Troppman's advocate before the Court of Cassation, has discovered two points which he thinks afford serious grounds for a new trial. The first is that the interpreter employed to translate the evidence of the Alsatian witnesses, who spoke German, was summoned by mistake as a witness, and, in that character, was improperly closeted with the witnesses in their waiting-room, and thereby had an opportunity of concerting with them the way in which he would render their testimony. The second flaw in the proceedings is that the Procureur-Général, having personally heard and reported the prisoner's confession, was disqualified from acting as public prosecutor. There is, in point of fact, a rule that magistrates who act in the "instruction" should have no part in the trial. The Court will, however, probably hold that this irregularity was waived by the absence of any objection on the part of the prisoner. The Court of Cassation is wonderfully astute in devising arguments for overruling those merely technical objections, of which alone it can take cognizance in criminal cases. On the other hand, the prisoner's counsel, when he knows his client to be guilty, most carefully abstains from hinting at any subject of "case sation" which may have escaped the vigilance of the presiding Judge, well knowing that he would probably find means to correct the irregularity then and there. The case will be argued next week; and, unless in the very improbable case of the *pourvoi* being allowed, Troppman's fate will not be long in suspense. He is a young man of sentimental proclivities, and has asked in writing that he may be executed on Jan. 21, the anniversary of the day on which "the most sainted of kings" mounted the scaffold.

AN ANTIQUATED LAW-SUIT.—A curious case is at present under the investigation of the Master of the Rolls in Chancery-lane. In 1692 a certain society, called the West New Jersey Society, was established for acquiring lands in British North America, and for stocking the same, and for trade and other purposes, for the benefit of the proprietors and members thereof. Certain tracts of land situate in Pennsylvania and in East and West Jersey were purchased and conveyed for the use and benefit of the society. One of the members was a John Love, and he, on May 25, 1693, executed a transfer to a Mr. Fowles. The society still exists for the purpose of satisfying claims, and it holds between £7000 and £8000 as representing the value of the ten shares in question. A bill has been filed, and inquiries have been directed by the Master of the Rolls as to who are Mr. Fowles's next of kin. There are already many claimants.

FIRST CASE UNDER THE NEW DEBTORS' ACT.—Last Saturday the first commitment under the new Debtors' Act was made to Whitecross-street Prison, on an order of Mr. Justice Montague Smith, made at chambers. An application was made that a debtor was about to leave the country, and an order was made that unless he paid the amount or found security he should be imprisoned for one month. There were only thirty inmates on Saturday at Whitecross-street Prison, and of that number twenty-one were commitments by county courts. As many as 400 have been confined, and when the new Act took effect the number was 234. The old man Bamacles, who had been a prisoner twenty-seven years, paid a visit to his old quarters on Saturday. The Rev. Mr. Pugh, the chaplain of the prison, and Mr. Constable, the Governor, are trying to obtain some employment for him.

ABSORBED COMPANIES.—The appeal against the order made by Vice-Chancellor James to wind up the Family Endowment Society, one of the numerous affiliations of the Albert, was, on Wednesday, dismissed by the Lord Chancellor and Lord Justice Giffard. The petition was originally presented by Major-General Pott, one of the Family Endowment annuitants, and the main question was whether the obligation of the shareholders to pay the annuities had ceased with the collapse of the Albert. The Vice-Chancellor held that the smaller society had not ceased to exist so as to prejudice the rights of its creditors, and the full Court of Appeal has sustained this decision.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, JAN. 7.

BANKRUPTCY ACTS ANNULLED.—T. G. DANIEL, Hatcham Park-road, N. C. LLOYDS, Henley-on-Thames, painter P. WHITLIE, South Hyton, tailor.

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ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL, Gray's-inn- road.—The Forty-first ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL, in aid of the FUNDS of this unendowed Hospital, will be held on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28 next, at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon-street, the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, M.P., in the chair. As the Committee are mainly dependent on the success of the Festival for Funds to enable them to provide for the expenses of the current year, and to pay off the heavy liabilities already incurred, they earnestly appeal to the liberality of the public for aid on this occasion. WATERLOO BRIDGE-road. Instituted 1830. Increased PECUNIARY ASSISTANCE is most earnestly needed, and solicited for continuing relief to the poor little suffering inmates at this Hospital. Office—Waterloo Bridge-road, S.E. Bankers—Messrs. Fuller, Banbury, and Co., 77, Lombard-street and Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand. CHARLES J. E. BENTON, Secretary.

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